CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

VOL. XXIX. "LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE" NO. 14.

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1495.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.
PUBLISHED BY
DAVID REED.
AT NO. 22 SCHOOL STREET.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, MARCH 20, 1850.

MY DEAR FRIEND. You desired some information in regard to Liberal Christianity at the South. I am happy to say that all the Unitarian Societies have enjoyed preaching during the past winter. At New Orleans I found that Rev. Mr. Clapp retained in full vigour his popularity, and that his efforts have been crowned with success. Of course, it is not to be expected, that a Faith, every where spoken against, should have a rapid and wide extension. But I was assured that a very large audience usually attended on his ministration. The Sunday that I was present was unpleasant; a violent shower came pouring upon us, just at the time of attending service. Yet there was a good audience, and a large part consisted of young men. Mr. Clapp has used one of the city papers, as the organ of his religious sentiments, and for many weeks, the Sunday Picayune has contained one of his discourses. In this way he has disseminated very widely more liberal views of Christianity, and has enjoyed the satisfaction of receiving letters from many distant places, in which the writers have expressed themselves under great obligations to him, for the clear, rational and consistent views of religion, which he has presented. That paper has a very wide circulation throughout the great Valley of the Mississippi, and coming in contact with all classes of men, has proved itself to be a light and a joy to many, who sit in the darkness of doubt and death. Much might be done in this way in other sections of our country, especially when we consider what a paper-reading people we are. There has been some talk of forming a second society in that city, and probably the attempt would succeed, if a preacher could be found, willing to labor under so many disadvantages as will arise in the way of a free, independent, liberal ministration of the gospel.

There is an increasing demand for religious publications, or works, which will present the nature and claims of Christianity in a more rational and consistent and clear manner. By this time, I hope, arrangements have been made for the supply of such works to that great community, as some conversation was held with a bookseller in that city, who expressed a willingness to act as agent, if such works were sent to him. Mr. Clapp stated that he had frequent applications for books, which presented and defended such views, as he has lately published, and expressed himself very anxious to have one place to which he might refer applicants. He was conscious that he differed in some points from the Unitarians in New England, still he had strong sympathy with them and had derived much of the light and joy of his present faith from the writings of Channing, Dewey and Ware. Since my return I am glad to hear that arrangements have been made to supply the demand.

At Mobile, I found Bro. Larned laboring with good success, and understood that the prospects of that society were bright; inasmuch as they had found one, who was willing to devote himself to their interests at all seasons. He appeared to be very well pleased with his location, and only feared that his strength might fail, and so disappoint his own hopes. The society now occupies a Hall in the central part of the city, and the number has gradually enlarged. Here I accidently met with a schoolmaster, who had lately become interested in a more rational and liberal Christianity than such as was prevalent in that region. He expressed himself highly delighted to meet with a Unitarian clergyman, and after making many inquiries, eagerly asked, if there were any Commentaries on the New Testament, in accordance with the faith of Unitarians. I recommended Livermore's Commentaries to him, and afterwards advised him to make a personal acquaintance with Bro. L. who was preaching in Mobile. Doubtless many religious works, which have lately issued from our Unitarian press, would be hailed with gladness in these distant outposts of our Zion. I could not find that any bookseller could be prevailed upon to act as agent for such works; still if the officiating clergyman were supplied with a few copies, he might often dispose of them with great advantage. Not only Tracts, but Books are needed, to supply the demand for light, for truth. In this case I was pleased to find Bro. Larned already supplied with a variety of our publications.

Our brethren at Savannah, I found in excellent spirits, full of faith and good works. Through the ministry of Rev. Mr. Penniman the scattered flock has been gathered, and slowly but surely, he has found his labors and sacrifices appreciated and rewarded. The hearts of this small people have been quickened to earnestness and zeal. Small difficulty has been found to obtain the requisite money for the services of such a devoted minister and the contingent expenses of the society. At present, they meet and worship in a Hall, which has with it associations somewhat uncongenial, as we would say here, very incongruous, to a Christian heart; to a disciple of the Prince of Peace. However, it is not probable that they will long labor under the disadvantages of any Hall, as already, through the generosity of one of the leading men of that Society, a lot of land has been purchased, on which is already a house, sufficiently large for a parsonage, and on which this gentleman has offered to build a Chapel during the present year, intending to give the same to the Society. The Society, having about one thousand dollars in their hands, united with this gentleman in the purchase of the estate. Through his Christian love and faith and zeal, he has been prompted to erect this chapel, whose influence may continue long after he is dead, to enlightened and save his countrymen. It is a true and noble consecration of one's wealth! Would that more were prompted by a like spirit that the earth might be dotted with chapels, gifts like this, and one other in Bridgeport, Conn. He receives the gratitude of the living, and being dead, he will be long gratefully remembered, by those, who are blessed with the simple truth, as it is in Jesus.

The number, who attend regularly upon Bro. Penniman's ministry, is not large, but the few have evidently a great influence in the community. It is to be considered, that there is a large floating audience in every great city on the Sabbath—men and women, who have no particular attachment, for the reason that they have not as yet found congenial sentiments and opinions, or, perhaps, have no settled faith of their own. More, or less, of this class, are drawn to hear a rational and liberal faith, because it is spoken against, not a few are impressed, and finally become liberally minded, and earnest themselves for a faith, commonly despised and rejected among men. As the city of Savannah is rapidly increasing in population, and advancing in commercial character, the demand for preaching and worship, dissimilar to the prevailing style of preaching, and the prevailing mode of worship, must evidently become greater, and this Society must eventually become one of the leading societies in that large and beautiful city.

At Augusta, Geo. where formerly flourished a small society under the care of Rev. Mr. Bulfinch, I found a few scattered elements. The house formerly occupied by the Unitarian Society, is now used by a small body of Jews. A few of the Liberal Faith yet remain, and some are disposed to make another effort to relieve the Society. From several persons, I learned, that if any one would go among them with the purpose to remain and labor, as did Bro. Penniman, when he went to Savannah, a Society might soon be gathered. The place is rapidly improving, especially since the Railroad has been continued up into Tennessee, and two or three factories have been built within its limits. It is destined to be a large manufacturing community. The city has expended a large amount to make the river available for such purposes, and already a new spirit of enterprise has been breathed into the inhabitants. No city at the South, except Columbia, Geo., seemed to me to be possessed with so much of New England character. Indeed, through the whole Northern section of Georgia, there is much to remind the traveller of New England, in its scenery and in the enterprise of its inhabitants. Never were the prospects better for establishing Liberal Christianity in that central position, than at the present day. Already Augusta is connected to Charleston by railroad, and by another year, she will be connected with Savannah, so that an exchange can be made in less than a day with either of these places, and mutual help and sympathy readily ministered in time of need. It is well worthy the consideration of the friends of Unitarianism to encourage and uphold societies in these three cities, as through them a large portion of the Southern section may be operated upon, and by them new light shed over a dark region. It is through these cities, that the tide of an immense travel daily runs. I understand that there is not a better state of feeling between the different religious societies than formerly existed. If any self-sacrificing, devoted minister of a liberal and enlightened faith will go there, he will find those, who are willing to do something more than give him a bare subsistence. One lady declared, she would board, or pay the board, of any Unitarian minister, and she had no doubt that her husband and others would do liberally for any devoted clergyman. At present, the Unitarians are scattered among the other societies, and for their children's sakes, subject themselves to the unpleasant task of hearing oftentimes what their understandings must reject. It is admitted on all hands that there are very many, who are not interested in the prevailing tenets and doctrines, and therefore a wider field is open, and every day enlarging, by the increased population and business in that city, for a Faith, a Christian Faith, more consonant with reason, scripture and experience.

[Remainder next week.]

[For the Register.]

THE CATHOLIC POOR.

The question often arises, What shall we do with the Catholic poor? And the only answer would seem to be, treat them as you would the poor of any other communion.

In all cases where an application is made to us for aid, we are bound to make certain preliminary inquiries. We would ask, what means of your own are there,—what friends and relatives have you,—what church do you attend?

In regard to the applicant's own resources, or those of his kindred and acquaintances, it is obvious at once that he had better be thrown back upon them before receiving or while receiving help from us.

So too, in regard to his own church or clergyman, is it not plain that he must be directed to them for aid before or while we give it to him?

Let me give a few examples. Not many years ago a number of families were burnt out upon the Boston and Roxbury line. They came into town a begging. Upon visiting them it was found that they were Catholics. I promised them help, and called upon Father Lynch, the excellent priest of the Northampton Street Church, to say that if he upon inquiry or in any other way should know of any wants among them which they or he or his church could not relieve, I would cheerfully see that further aid should be found. My help was not needed in the case, though I am sure that it would have been had any necessity for it existed.

Within a few days, a mechanic belonging to the same church called upon me for information as to some source that he might apply to for money, to replace his tools lost by fire. I asked for a recommendation from Mr. Lynch. He brought it. I called upon the priest to arrange the best mode of meeting the case. He did not advise treating it upon the ground of charity, and promised after looking into the facts to call upon me, if it was desirable. Every thing here was again done to the entire satisfaction of all the parties concerned.

Another case occurred at the same time under similar and very gratifying circumstances. A young man appeared in State Street soliciting money to purchase a cork leg. Everything appeared well, and one of our business men, who always makes it his business to look into such things, gave him a note to Deacon Grant and myself, saying that if, upon investigation, we approved of it, he would see that the means were raised. The young man was a Catholic, from Canada. I carried him to the Bishop and had him introduced to Rev. Mr. Williams, who examined him particularly, directed him to a respectable private boarding place, undertook to get some help for him among the Catholic clergymen, some of whom had known the family in Canada, and then recommended the case back to us for further and final aid.

We stated the facts to our friends, and in two hours they subscribed $113.

The young man's bills were paid here, and a little relief given to him. The Western Railroad Company furnished a pass to Springfield, and we furnished an introduction and letter of credit to our friends there, by which the whole will be brought to a happy termination.

Another case, immediately after this, at first took a little different turn, but soon recovered itself and went on as well. A poor man is dying of consumption, on the Cove. A priest had visited him. He and his wife hesitated to ask the clergyman for aid They were glad to have me do so. And I did. The priest did not like it. I invited him to do a part, or the whole, or let me do the whole, or a part. He would have nothing to do with such a piece of "hotch potch," and wished that "Boston people would learn to mind their own business." Nothing daunted, I consulted the Bishop, who smiled and referred me to another clergyman, who will doubtless co-operate more cheerfully with me.

Such rebuffs are of no moment. A straight forward, manly, and generous course will usually keep you quite clear of them. C. F. B.

THE HEBREW REQUIEM.

["They made a funeral oration at the grave, after which they prayed, then turning the face of the deceased towards Heaven, they said—'Go in peace.'"]

Go thou in peace!—We may not bid thee linger
Amid the sunlight and the gloom of earth,
Where every joy is touched by sorrow's finger,
And tears succeed the brightest hour of mirth;
Thine upward gaze is fixed upon that dwelling
Where sin and sorrow never more are known,
And seraph-lips the loud Hosannah swelling,
Have caught the music of celestial tone.

Go thou in peace—thy home on earth now leaving
In the lone chamber of the dead to dwell;
Thou hast no portion in the sorrow heaving,
The Hearts whose anguish tears but feebly tell.
A path of light and gladness is before thee—
The hope of Israel, in fruition, thine,
And thou wilt gaze upon the beams of glory
Around the throne of Israel's God that shine.

Go thou in peace—Why are the loved ones weeping
Around the spot where now thy form is lain?
There is no cause for grief that thou art sleeping,
Free from each trial, and untouched by pain,
Thy path hath been through many a scene of sorrow,
Thy weary form hath needed this repose;
Calm be thy rest, until the eternal morrow,
Its light and glory on thy dwelling throws.

Go thou in peace—Temptation cannot sever
The tie that now unites thee to thy God—
The voice of sin—of unbelief—can never
Enter the precints of thy low abode:
We leave thee here with mingled joy and sadness,
Our hearts are weak, our faith is low and dim,—
Yet to the Lord we turn with chastened gladness,
And yield our friend—our brother—up to Him.

[Selected.

LIVERMORE'S "WAR WITH MEXICO."

Amidst the rush and confusion of the mighty changes by which Europe has been disturbed during the last two years, the war of the United States against Mexico was hurried, as it were, before its time, out of the fields of public observation. Yet none of the recent revolutions by which our attention has been absorbed is more likely to be fruitful of consequences affecting the whole civilized world than that remarkable struggle in which the aggressive spirit and military passion of the American Republic broke forth with so much violence, and of which the immediate result was so vast and so dangerous an extension of her dominion. A review of the origin and progress of that war, in the light in which it now presents itself to a calmly judging mind, imbued with the principles and feelings of Christianity, ought to contain matter of permanent interest and instruction; and of such matter, accordingly, an abundance will be found in the searching and eloquent Essay now before us. Full of national feeling of that kind which harmonises with a pure religious faith, the writer is not dazzled by any of those images of false glory which have so much fascination for the minds of his countrymen. He states facts fully, plainly, but without any tincture of exaggeration; and he reasons upon them with the calm but impressive earnestness of one who feels the solemn importance of the task he has taken in hand. The only material fault in the Essay is one which is, unfortunately, too common in religious and political compositions on both sides of the Atlantic, but in respect to which we fancy that our American friends are still greater sinners than ourselves—we mean an occasional excess of declamatory amplification. It is a fault more especially generated by the practice of writing discourses which are intended for oral delivery; but it is one which in these busy days, when men look for much matter in few words, is seriously detrimental to the effect of what is uttered through the press. Mr. Livermore's Essay, however, though it contains some passages which would have been served by compression, is, as we have said, full of instructive facts and forcible arguments, all tending to correct the evil passions and prejudices of which the Mexican war was a consequence. He begins with a statement of the circumstances predisposing to the war, and shows clearly enough that the public mind had been for some time fully charged with dangerous matter, which needed only an outlet at which to break forth. A number of small wars, most of them being against the Indians, had occurred during a series of years; and as they had involved no great loss of life or property, they had not, in any degree, allayed the martial spirit; but, on the contrary, had rather whetted the appetite for contest. The various petty triumphs that had been won, had inflamed the national pride, and awakened the desire to show that America was able to achieve a military renown equal to that of any of the old countries. Blended with this, but of more recent growth, was the pride of race, which led to a very ready adoption of the pernicious dogma of a certain philosophic school, that the Anglo-Saxons are divinely commissioned to extirpate barbarism, and diffuse civilization throughout the earth.

. . . . . .

Civil war is nothing more than the last stage of party hostility. At one time the occurrence of such an event in the United States might have appeared an actual impossibility. But a community capable of such wickedness and such madness as were shown in the Mexican contest must be equally capable of carrying party violence to the last and worst extreme. If so deplorable a result should ever come to pass, the savage spirit which has been cherished by the Mexican war will be felt in bitter retribution in thousands of American homes. What the nature of that spirit is, let the following anecdotes show. We take them from a remarkable chapter on "the War Spirit and the Gospel"—:

"'I remained with him,' says the surgeon attendant on the dying Maj. —— 'all night. He had but little pain, and at intervals had some sleep. During the night he gave me many incidents of the battle and spoke with much *pride of the execution of his shot*. He had but one thing to regret, and that was the small number of men at his command.' His only regret that he could not kill more Mexicans! 'The condition of the brave and esteemed Capt. ——' says an eye-witness, 'is melancholy indeed. The whole of his lower jaw, with a part of his tongue and palate, is shot away by a grape-shot. He, however, survives, though entirely incapable of speech. He communicates his thoughts by writing on a slate, and receives the necessary nutriment for the support of life with much difficulty. He does not desire to live, but converses *with cheerfulness and exultation upon the success of our arms*, and concluded an answer to some queries concerning the battle of the 9th, by writing, *We gave the Mexicans hell!*'

"'When Lieut.—— during the battles of Buena Vista, was sent by Gen. Taylor,' says the *New Orleans Bulletin*, 'with a flag to a detached body of 1,000 to 1,500 Mexicans, that were being cut to pieces by our fire, Col. —— was on the eve of charging them with his dragoons; but as Lieut.—— was passing with his white flag displayed, —— rode out and crossed his path to inquire the object of his mission. "I am going to tell those fellows to surrender, in order to save their lives." "Wait till I have charged them." —"Impossible: the old man has sent me, and I must go."—"But my good fellow," said —— entreatingly, "for God's sake just rein up for five minutes, and give us a chance at them."—"Would do anything to oblige you, Colonel; but I have the old man's orders, and there is no help for it." And he gave rein to his horse, while the Colonel returned to the head of his regiment in the worst of all possible humors against the things called flags of truce.'"

"The diabolical passion of fighting for the love of fighting, is illustrated by this report of an American General. In the bombardment of a Mexican town, in which 219 were killed, and 300 wounded.

"'As we approached, several shots were fired at us, and, deeming it unsafe to risk a street fight in an unknown town at night, I ordered the artillery to be posted on a hill near the town and overlooking it, and open its fire.—Now ensued one of *the most beautiful sights conceivable*. Every gun was served with the utmost rapidity; and the crash of the walls and the roofs of the houses when struck by our shot and shell was mingled with the roar of artillery. The bright light of the moon enabled us to direct our shot *to the most thickly populated parts of the town*.'

"At another action, in his report, says another officer, now promoted to a generalship, 'I cannot speak too highly of Capt. K. and his management of his batteries. *His shells and shot fell beautifully upon houses and churches*, where the enemy were in great numbers. Whenever his shot took effect, the firing soon ceased.'"

Who can read such passages, and think of the position and destinies of the great people amongst whom these things occurred, without a feeling of profound melancholy? Far more gloomy is the prospect of the future that recent American history suggests, than any that has been opened to our view by the abortive revolutions of Europe. For after all it should be no disappointment to us that the French people, into whose souls the iron of Slavery had so deeply entered, have not yet been able to attain the secure and upright bearing of freedom. Neither should we wonder that the untrained passions of Italy, or the purely theoretic political intelligence of the Germans, should have hitherto failed to exhibit to the world the noble spectacle of self-government. But in the United States we might have expected that a grand moral lesson would have been presented to all older communities. Favoured beyond all in the circumstances affecting the physical condition of her people, and in the early familiarity with those Anglo-Saxon institutions which gave to the habit of self-government something like the ease and certainty of an instinct—America was entrusted with the most glorious mission ever appointed to a nation Beyond all others, she was called upon to manifest, in her public acts, a supreme regard to justice and the interests of humanity, and to show the high standard of virtue and happiness which a free people might attain when freed from the corrupting influences of physical distress and aristocratic inequalities. But America has been unfaithful to her mission. Instead of taking that foremost place which seemed destined for her in the moral progression of society, she has fallen into the worst vices of the worst governments of Europe. No despotism or oligarchy has shown itself more passionate, greedy, unscrupulous, and reckless, than the democracy of the United States. The Americans have, indeed, much to answer for—in the discredit which they have done to free institutions, in the shock which they have given to many cherished hopes of human improvement. But we must not forget that out of the bosom of the same society come the most eloquent and forcible voices of remonstrance. Whilst the principles of pure Christianity have so many earnest and devoted supporters as are to be found in America, we must not relinquish the faith that the great republic will yet become awake to the nobler ends of its existence, and will make its unrivalled energies and resources conducive to the welfare of the whole family of man. [London Inquirer.

STRANGE IF TRUE.

It is well known that the parents of Irish children in this vicinity, have, from time to time withdrawn them from attendance at many of our public schools. The fact has not passed unobserved by those whose business it is to become acquainted with these things, but we had not seen the matter explained, until we met with the following in a late letter from Boston, to the Newburyport Herald. The writer says:—

"One of the most lamentable items of intelligence I have heard for some time, was told me by the teacher of one of our Grammar Schools, upon the occasion of an official visit to his schoolhouse. It is that a portion of the Roman Catholic Priests stationed in this city, are now busily engaged in inducing parents, over whom they exercise an influence, to withdraw their children from our public schools, upon the plea that they are dangerous institutions. In the school visited, though it is situated in the very heart of an Irish Catholic population, but three girls remained out of about twenty times that number formerly connected with it, whose parents are of that class. The direct personal influence of the priest had been exerted to induce parents to withdraw their children, and where an unwillingness was expressed on the part of the parent to comply with so unreasonable a request, their firmness has finally yielded to his ceaseless importunity, and the children taken from the healthful influences of education, to become the pests of society, instead of being its ornaments and proudest jewels.

The Catholics maintain a sort of apology for schools, for the children of their creed, and were their powerful influence exerted to reclaim the swarm of beggar children, whose wretchedness and rags attract attention, whichever way our steps turn in the street, we should hail their devotion to the mental wants of their worse than orphan children, as one of the most cheering and hopeful signs of the times. But to neglect these poor, destitute little ones, and see them grow up to swell the ranks of the guilty and the vile; and to endeavor to keep multitudes of the rising generation, who have comfortable homes, affectionate parents and a thirst for light and knowledge from partaking in the blessings, and enjoying the felicity resulting from education and mental culture, seems to my mind to be a crime against society, deserving of the execration of every lover of his country and his race."—[American Union.

A spare and simple diet contributes to the prolongation of life.

INFLUENCE OF A CEMETERY.

A burial-place in any community, and especially such a place as this, is a spot from which goes forth a quiet, but constant moral influence. It acts upon the living with a silent, yet perpetual power. It is exceedingly difficult to estimate aright the force of certain agencies, which are ever operating upon us. As they produce their effects upon the mind silently, and yet steadily, it is hard to detect their results, and separate them from the results of other influences. Just as in the world of nature, the green robe of vegetation, which covers the earth, is wrought out under the mingled agencies of the sun, and the rain, and the surrounding atmosphere, the gentle dews of night, and the virtues which steal upward from the ground; and no man can disentangle and divide one influence from another, so that he may say, this is the work of the sun, thus far wrought the rain, and thus far the earth, and the dew, and the air; so it is in the moral world. The school of our discipline is a school of ever-mingled influences. If any one is disposed to doubt that there is an element of moral power and influence in the resting-places of the dead, let him recall his own past life, and bring to remembrance how often the laughter of his childhood has been hushed—the airy dreams of his youth dissipated, and the absorbing schemes of his maturer age made to seem vain and trifling, as he has stood amid the graves of those who have been his companions in the scenes of life.

But it is not in the impressions which these places produce upon the mere passer-by, or in him who by *chance* wanders in their midst—that we find the grand secret of their power. Every where a more vital connection establishes itself between the living and the dead. Among the little households all around, there are vacancies. As the father and mother number over the little flock, one is wanting. At the table—at the hour of prayer—at the evening fireside—his place is not filled. He has gone to the place of the dead, and the hearts of these parents go after him there. Or on some sad and sorrowful day, as the little family come together, the wife and the mother is gone. In vain they listen for her kind and loving accents. Her busy footstep is no longer heard moving through all her little circle of affectionate cares. She has gone to the grave, and she has drawn after her these stricken and afflicted hearts. Go where we may, among the living, and there meet us on every side, the signs of fresh separation and bereavement, and if we search the records of the heart, we find many sorrows that have outlived all outward signs. And thus the process forever goes on, which establishes this strong and vital connection between the places of the living and the place of the dead. Yes, the mourner, in the hour of his deep anguish, when the world seems hollow and vain, instead of regarding the burial-place as forbidding and lonely, goes there for company, for silent companionship and communion with those he loves.—[Rev. I. N. Tarbox.

"THE WORLD HATH NOT KNOWN THEE."—Then what has the world known? Not known God! Not known him with whom it has to do! Not known its Savior—its best Friend! What then does it know, to the purpose! If you inquire of the world, it will not only tell you, that the present age in particular is the most illuminated of any; but it will tell you of its wonderful discoveries in science, its great knowledge in politics, its progress in the arts, &c. Some will profess to tell you what progress religion has made in the world: and they will go on to say more, as knowing what progress it will make; the world is so illuminated—so comprehensive!

Now, with all this knowledge, discovery and instruction, I read the text, "O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee!" Not known thee! and yet so wise! With all its little discoveries, cannot it discern the things belonging to its peace! Then, it is but telling me of the bustle and industry of ants—of the ingenuity and politics of bees! All this is trifling to him who wants a shelter.

DUTY AND BEAUTY.

I slept and dreamed that Life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that Life was Duty;
Was my dream then a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy life to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

"HERE MY MOTHER KNELT WITH ME."

The Rev. Mr. Knill, well known to the religious world in connection with Russia, lost both his parents while he was there. His mother was a pious woman, and he relates the following interesting reminiscence of her:

"After spending a large portion of my life in foreign lands, I returned again to visit my native village. Both of my parents died while I was in Russia, and their house is now occupied by my brother. The furniture remains just the same as when I was a boy, and at night I was accommodated with the same bed in which I had often slept before; but my busy thoughts would not let me sleep. I was thinking how God had led me through the journey of life. At last the light of the morning darted through the little window, and then my eye caught the spot where my sainted mother, forty years before, took my hand and said, '*Come, my dear, kneel down with me and I will go to prayer.*' This completely overcame me. I seemed to hear the very tones of her voice. I recollected some of her expressions, and I burst into tears, and arose from my bed and fell upon my knees, just on the spot where my mother kneeled, and I thanked God that I had once a praying mother. And oh! if every parent could feel what I felt then, I am sure, they would pray with their children, as well as for them."

I cite this fact, undoubtedly familiar already to the most of those who read it here, to bring up a point not often insisted on, in speaking of the religious training of children; and that is, the importance of *local association* with early instruction and prayer. There is great power in such memories. They are places to which the chains of holy influence are made fast, and they hold the heart long after the child has wandered far from the parental roof, and grown up to the stature of man.

The mother should have a place—a holy place—it ought to be a pleasant place—where she daily takes each one of her little children, to pray with them, and speak to them of the things of eternity. In after years they will think of that spot, and bless God for what they felt and heard when there.

Such principles of association are stronger than we are apt to suppose. Even the greatest of men, and those the most immersed in business, and, hardened by long contact with the world, are under the power of religious associations, and these sometimes result in their salvation. One of the Presidents of the United States said to me while in office, and in the midst of a gay and brilliant assembly, "I was instructed by a pious mother and I hope I shall never forget the lessons I received from her lips."

Another President went to his mother's room and prepared his inaugural address, under the power of the feelings which the visit awakened in his soul.

Mothers, bind your children's hearts to the home of their childhood; hallow your chamber in their memory by its hours of prayer and holy words of parental love, and when you are dead and buried, the children you have left behind you will cherish the thoughts of it with a sacredness equal almost to that which invests the grave in which you lie.—[Mrs. Whittlesey's Magazine.

A PRAYER.

Teach thou, O God! my heart to feel
With fervency,
A brother's love for all who kneel
And worship thee:
Whate'er their creed, whate'er their name,
The object sought is but the same:
"Distinct as billows," though they be,
"One as the sea," when joined with thee.

Teach, then, O God! in mercy teach
My stubborn heart
To give its warmest love, to each
Thy grace impart!
Teach me my faults likewise to ken,
As well as faults of other men;
But teach me love—that love to give;
For by thy love alone I live.

FUNERAL OF OHLENSCHLAEGER.

COPENHAGEN, January 27.

Yesterday, at noon, the funeral obsequies of Adam Ohlenschlaeger were celebrated in the principal church of Copenhagen, whither the coffin containing the mortal remains of the illustrious poet had been conveyed. The vast church was hung with black, and lighted by thousands of white porcelain lamps. In the centre of the nave was a catafalk supporting the bier, on which were placed two laurel wreaths, a lyre and a harp, all of silver, the gifts of different establishments of public instruction. The singers of the Opera, together with a great number of *dilettanti*, executed a grand funeral *Cantata*, after which the highest dignitary of the Lutheran Church, Dr. Mynstor, Bishop of Zealand, pronounced the funeral oration of Ohlenschlaeger. At half-past one the procession set out for the church of Fredericksberg, the family burial place of the Ohlenschlaeger family. This procession, the most numerous we have seen in Copenhagen since the death of Thorwaldsen, was composed of more than twenty thousand persons, or in other words, of the sixth part of the whole population of our capital. Every class of society was represented in it. There were seen the young prince, the heir to the throne, the King's aid-de-camp, the council of ministers, headed by its president, Count Moltke, several members of the diplomatic *corps*; the council of State, its clergy, the professors and students of the University, of the other schools, and of the Academy of Fine Arts, etc.

The coffin was borne by young students.

The streets and the road from Copenhagen to Fredericksberg, were covered with sand and strewed with green branches. The *facades* of many houses were hung with black cloth edged with silver.

At Fredericksberg, the procession stopped before the royal residence, where Ohlenschlaeger was born, and which he so often alludes to in his Autobiography, and where the Philharmonic society now executed a hymn.

The coffin was then carried into the church, and after the blessing had been pronounced by Pastor Grundberg, was deposited in its final resting place.

Ohlenschlaeger was born 1779; his maternal grandfather was a German, and as he himself has said, fortune seemed to have decreed that he should belong to both nations. All his tragedies, as well as his prose-writings, were written in German as well as Danish, and his name is consequently as well known in Germany as in Denmark. By his countrymen he was revered as the acknowledged head of modern Danish literature, and his name cherished with that enthusiasm felt by his little country for all her distinguished men.—[Providence Journal.

[From Incidents in Labors for the Prisoner, by John M. Spear.]

THE FARMER'S SON.

But few persons are aware of the dangers and temptations to which strangers from the country are exposed in large cities. I will give a single instance as an illustration.

Joseph, a youth born in a quiet agricultural town, had become weary of following the plough. He had heard of some who had gone to the noisy city and had acquired wealth. Thinking he might be equally fortunate, he left his peaceful home, and arrived in Boston a stranger, not knowing the name of an individual, or even the name of a street.

On the night of his arrival a stranger accosted him and said, "Do you not wish to be a gentleman?"

"Yes," he quickly replied.

"Follow me," said the stranger, "and I will show you the way."

He followed his guide, thinking himself exceedingly fortunate in finding, on the night of his arrival, one who was ready to lead him in the precise path where he desired to walk. Led to one of the twelve hundred places where intoxicating liquors are sold, he was induced to drink. Invited now to walk out and view the buildings of the city, he was led to one of the depots, and persuaded to break in there. Having obtained some counterfeit coins, and a few worthless tickets, he was about leaving the building when the hand of an officer was laid upon him, and he was thrown into prison, where I found him. He assured me that he drank no liquor when at home, that he belonged to a good family, and that he never saw the inside of a Court House or a Prison before. I inquired his name. He refused to give it. I asked him if he had parents, and learned that he had. I now requested him to give me the name of his father, and tell me where he lived.

"I cannot tell you," said he, "his name, or where he lives. It would break my father's heart and my mother's too, if they knew I was here. Cannot you save me from the State Prison, and not let them know where I am?"

"It is impossible," I replied.

Day after day, I visited him, and entreated him to tell me where he came from, and I assured him I would be his friend; but he declined until he was brought into court for trial. When the indictment had been solemnly read to him, he gave me the name of his father, and told me where he lived. Sobbing as though his heart would break, he said, "I have not told you all yet,—I am a member of the Orthodox Church, and when I think of the feelings of my parents, of the reports that will be spread abroad in my native village, of the disgrace that I have brought upon the Church of which I am a member, it seems to me now that I cannot let them know I am here. Cannot you save me from the State Prison and not let them know where I am?" I was deeply moved, and was only able to say, "It is impossible. I will go and see your father."

Leaving the Court, I immediately took the cars, and going fifty miles into the country, I found his father following the plough.

As I approached him, I said, "Have you a son, Sir, by the name of Joseph?"

"I have," he replied.

"Do you know where he is?" I inquired.

"I do not," said the father; "he went away several days ago, and we have not heard from him since."

"Your son is a prisoner, and I have come to bring you the sad intelligence."

The father left the plough in the furrow, saying to the lad who was riding the horse, "There, you may take out the horse; we shan't plough any more to-day." It was only noon, but the father felt that he could plough no more that day, for his son was a prisoner. He turned into his dwelling, and sat down and wept with his afflicted companion. I felt that it was a season of solemn silence, not to be interrupted by the voice of a stranger. I wept with them. When the mother was able to speak, she said, "We expected Joseph home last Saturday night. It was our Communion-day on Sunday, and we thought he would want to be with us to gather around the table of our Lord; for he had never been absent from the Communion since he joined our Church. We did not think that he was a prisoner."

"What can be done for the lad?" inquired the father.

"You must take a deed of your farm," I said, "in your pocket, you must get some good neighbor to go with you, and you must accompany me to Boston, and perhaps he may be bailed for a short time, and then we shall have an opportunity to see what more can be done for him."

The father followed my advice. A humane lawyer became interested in the case; the clergyman of the Church to which Joseph belonged appeared in the Court, and others were with him,—all of whom testified to the previous good character of the lad, and after a few weeks he was allowed to return home to the bosom of his father's family.

Becoming acquainted, as I not unfrequently do, with instances of this character, I am forcibly reminded of the words of Solomon, who personified folly, thus: "A foolish woman is clamorous, she is simple and knoweth nothing. She sitteth at the door of her house, on a seat in the high places of the city, to call to passengers, who go right on their ways. 'Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither.' And as for him who wanteth understanding she saith to him, 'Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant.' But he knoweth not that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depths of hell."

A hundred and twenty trains of cars roll into the city of Boston daily, bringing ten thousand passengers, among whom are the young and inexperienced. Persons are waiting at the depots where the cars come, in the streets where the stages stop, on the wharves where the boats arrive, to lead the unsuspecting to destruction. Another class of persons should be stationed in these places, and in the sweet voice of heavenly love, should say to the stranger, "This is the way, walk ye in it. Come with us, and we will do you good."

THE LITTLE PRISONER.

Passing one day through the Boston Jail I found a little boy, only nine years of age, among the prisoners. In answer to my inquiry why he was there, he informed me that he was imprisoned by his uncle for stealing a golden eagle. He denied any knowledge of the theft. He also said his father was living in Bangor,—that he had lived with his uncle in Boston, who had kicked and beaten him when under the influence of liquor—that consequently he had ran away to Lynn, where he was kept a week by a humane gentleman, and then he was returned to Boston, where he was thrown into prison. No relative or friend ever came to see him while he was in the jail.

I wrote to his father informing him his little son was a prisoner, but received no reply. I then wrote to an acquaintance, making inquiries about the father, and from him learned that the child's mother was dead, and that the father had been complained of for beating his son.

He was brought into the Court for trial, but he was so small that he could not be seen when he stood on the floor with the other prisoners. I asked him to stand upon the seat, that he might be seen. The case went to the jury. A friendly member of the bar, who had often assisted me in such cases, helped him. Never have I seen more indignation in a Court than was manifested at the time of his trial. While the jury was out, the Judge informed me he should set the verdict aside, if he was convicted. He was however acquitted. The humane Judge now desired me to take the child in my care. I took him to my house, washed, fed and lodged him, obtained clothing for him, and then carried him thirty miles into the country, placed him in a good family, and put him to school.

BREAKING UP THE SLAVE TRADE.

GALLINAS.—The December number of the "Maryland Colonization Journal" has a very interesting article, which we are almost tempted to transfer entire to our columns. It sets out with the formal announcement of a fact which has otherwise and less authoritatively been made public, to wit, that the famous slave mart so long known and held in execration, under the name of Gallinas, has at last been effectually broken up by the persevering blockade of the British cruisers. The slavers there have demolished their barracoons, or slave pens, given up all the slaves in their possession to the British commodore, and made arrangements for their own removal, and that of their property, to Sierra Leone. So far, then, the crowning work of slave trade extinction, at least on this part of the African coast, has been effected; the danger remains that Gallinas may again become a slave mart, when the system of cruising and blockading shall be abandoned by the British government, as will probably be the case before any long time shall have elapsed; and the only efficient safeguard against this danger is the acquisition of the territory by the Republic of Liberia, either through purchase or conquest.

The whole coast, through an extent of 1500 miles, from the Gambia to Cape Palmas, was in former years, dotted with slave marts or stations; but Gallinas, taking its name from the river at the mouth of which it lies, was the most active. This distinction it owed, mainly, to the peculiar facilities afforded by its situation; the post being, in fact, a cluster of small islands, giving ample opportunities for escape and hiding in time of need, and the bar at the mouth of the river, making it difficult and dangerous for cruisers to enter, and in the rainy season being almost impassable. It has been estimated that for many years some ten thousand slaves per annum were shipped from this mart alone.

The principal manager of this business—for there were several merchants or factors at Gallinas—was a Spaniard, Don Pedro Blanco. He was a man of intelligence and education; possessed of great wealth, gentlemanly in his manners, humane and generous as his calling would allow him to be, and exercised an almost unbounded influence among the natives.

He lived in a semi-barbarous manner, at once as a private gentleman and an African prince. He maintained several establishments; one on an island near the river's mouth, which was his place of business or of trade with foreign vessels, that came to Gallinas to dispose of merchandise; on another island, more remote, was his dwelling house, where he kept his private office, his books, dined, took his siesta, slept, &c. On a third was his seraglio of native wives, each in her several dwelling, after the manner of native chiefs. Independent of all these were his barracoons of slaves, of greater or less extent, as circumstances required.

As an illustration both of his authority and of the determination with which it was exercised, it is related of him that being on one occasion at a point on the beach, some distance from Gallinas, where his person was not known, he approached the hut of a native and required the owner, who was sitting at the door, to bring him a light for his cigar; the man refused, on which Blanco drew back, took a carbine from one of his attendants, and laid the native dead at his feet. To his slaves, however—his human merchandise—he was uniformly humane and kind, taking good care of them in sickness, supplying them with abundant and wholesome food, strictly prohibiting improper intercourse between his subordinates and the females, and never allowing any to be flogged or otherwise misused.

The first peculiarity noticed by visitors to Gallinas was an arrangement of numerous look outs, or watch stations, consisting of lofty seats, fifty or a hundred feet above the ground, either among the branches of tall trees or on the tops of high poles, whence sentinels were always scanning the hor

th: approach of traders in want of slaves, as to give warning of a visit from a hostile cruiser.

About a mile from the river's mouth was a cluster of islands, on each of which was located the factory of some particular slave merchant. The buildings, generally, consisted of a business room, with warehouse attached, filled with merchandise and provisions, and a barracoon for the slaves; the whole built by setting rough stakes or small trees into the ground, these being wattled together with withes, and covered with thatch. That containing the slaves was much the strongest, and generally surrounded by, or connected with a yard, in which the slaves were permitted to exercise daily. There were some ten or twelve of these establishments, each containing from 100 to 500 slaves. One contained near 1000, which, it was expected, would be shipped daily. Each barracoon was in charge of from two to four white men, Spanish or Portuguese.

They had all suffered more or less from the fever, were very weak, much emaciated or swollen by dropsy or diseased spleens, and none of them particularly clean. The slaves were as well taken care of as could be expected, when provisions were plentiful in the country, but in case of scarcity they suffered severely. Many instances have occurred wherein whole barracoons of slaves have been let loose for want of food; and it may well be supposed their owners would allow them to suffer severely before giving them up. For this reason, and because they can be stowed more closely in a vessel, children are generally preferred to adults. Another peculiar feature of the place was the collection of long canoes and boats, all kept ready for the despatch of slaves the moment an opportunity should occur. Probably one thousand slaves could be shipped in four hours, all things favorable. In case the coast is clear of armed vessels, and a slaver appears in the offing, her signal is at once recognized. She is signalized in return to come in, and if she is watered and provisioned for the voyage, and deck-laid, which is usually the case, she does not even come to anchor, but stands close in to the bar, where she is met by the whole fleet of canoes and boats, the contents of which are speedily put on board; she then stands off or up the coast again, the canoes return to the barracoon for more slaves, again to meet outside the bar as before. Sometimes, however, they are not so fortunate, even when not molested by a man-of-war. The bar at the river mouth is not unfrequently dangerous, even in the dry season, and in the anxiety to ship the slaves they run great hazards, and many a boat load of poor wretches become food for sharks, which always follow such boats and canoes in great numbers.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, April 6, 1850.

PROF. WEBSTER'S TRIAL.

The mournful tragedy which has of late so engrossed the public mind, except the final act, has reached its end. The position of the parties concerned, the eminent ability of the counsel both on the side of the government and the defence, the character of the evidence, the manner in which science has brought to light the steps of guilt, and the general spirit of the proceedings, have made it one of the most memorable trials in the history of our courts of justice. Our readers have had so much speedier and extended means of information than we could supply, that we have not attempted to give any account of its progress. But we cannot allow the occasion to go by, without recording some general remarks which have been impressed on our minds.

On entering the court room, the first thing which struck a spectator was the air of serious decorum which pervaded the crowded assembly. The arrangements made by the Sheriff were admirable, but they were thoroughly sustained by the feelings of the people. While nothing apparently was neglected by those on the part of the prosecution or defence in the faithful discharge of their duties, there was no sparring and word-catching among lawyers, nor badgering of witnesses, and none of those scenes nowhere so out of place as in the progress of a capital trial. The gentlemen engaged on the defence, in their arduous duties, did all that eloquence, learning and legal skill could do for their client. And here we cannot refrain from saying that the Attorney General seemed to us to fill his difficult office with singular ability and propriety. The eloquence of his closing argument will be universally recognized. The arrangement of the evidence, deepening and darkening to the end, gave proof of equal talent in another department. But we feel that it is still more to his honor for him so to have conducted his responsible labors that the justice and the humanity of this Commonwealth, so largely committed to his hands, should have been fully sustained before the world. He has shown himself to be a fitting prosecuting officer for a State which means to enforce the law, and at the same time to enforce it in the spirit of mercy and humanity.

We have been deeply impressed with the momentous position occupied by the jury. We cannot conceive of a more trying situation than for men to be taken from the ordinary avocations of life and called to sit in judgment on a case like this. But this circumstance only adds to its value. The jurymen in this case were drawn from those classes which constitute the life and strength of our Commonwealth. Many of them were intelligent mechanics. All of them belonged to that class which has and feels the deepest interest in the impartial administration of justice, while, at the same time, it is a class more sensitive, we believe, than any other, to the appeal of mercy. No one could look on such a jury, without being convinced that its verdict would be the verdict of the Commonwealth. Through such a jury, the judgment and the heart of the Commonwealth speak.

We may easily believe that before they could bring themselves to utter their assent to the verdict, their minds had passed through the agony and horror of such a struggle as they never before had known and never will again know. This feeling gave assurance that the strong leanings of their minds would be towards every merciful construction of facts, but at the same time, it gave a more awful significance to their sentence, when they pronounced the prisoner guilty.

On leaving the Court room, after the Charge of the Judge, it is said that they sat forty minutes, in the dim light, without speaking to each other. Each knew too well what must be said. When they rendered their verdict, some of them could not restrain their tears, while the Foreman could hardly utter the word of doom, and from the Judge on the bench to the mere spectator, there was the profoundest sympathy with their feelings. We hold in honor such a jury, and can plainly see its relations to law and justice and humanity.

Not now, for the first time, but never more profoundly than now, have we felt the importance of having upon the Bench, Judges who command the entire confidence of society by their wisdom, their humanity, their sensitive watchfulness over the rights of all, and their inflexible impartiality and integrity. If instead of such as they are, our Judges had been incapable or ordinary men, or time-serving and doubtful in principle, it would not take long, in a state which honors moral rectitude, to shake all confidence in the administration of justice. As we thought of the extent to which the great interests of society depend on the judiciary, we confess that we felt grief and shame for the efforts which have been made to reduce the salaries of judges. Those fitted to occupy such an office would, as is well known, receive, almost without a doubt, double the income from the practice of the law, which is now paid to them by the State. The meagreness of the salary and the wants of their families have already driven not a few of our ablest men from the Bench. It is dangerous to be too economical here. No sum can be great which secures as Judges in the service of a commonwealth, its wisest, ablest, and most upright men.

This trial has put beyond question one point, viz: that in Massachusetts, the law holds all citizens as equal, that no advantage of position can shield one from impartial justice, that the highest and the humblest are equally amenable to the law, and equally protected by the law. It is clear that in the courts of Massachusetts, Justice sits enthroned. It is more to her honor, to the honor of her magistrates and her people, than all her abounding prosperity, and in no small degree is the foundation and condition of her prosperity.

There was another point of which we should have said something, had not the Attorney General, in a speech which all will read, set forth the same idea, in stronger language than we can use. One of the most impressive parts of his speech was that in which he showed how insufficient mere intellectual and scientific culture was, for the government of man—the necessity of moral and religious principle—the untrustworthiness of any character in the hour of temptation unless founded on the rock of principle.

It is one of the illustrations of the universal and instantaneous diffusion of information, that forty reporters were engaged in communicating to the Boston, New York, and Philadelphia press, the details of this trial. Even the London Times is said to have had its reporter in the Court-room. In a few weeks, the trial will be familiar to all who read the English tongue. We think it a matter of thankfulness that it was throughout so conducted, as to be honorable to the character of this Commonwealth.

It has not been from insensibility or forgetfulness, but of purpose, that we have refrained from all personal allusions to those most interested in these proceedings. The bitter sorrows that have fallen on so many hearts should be sacred from public comment. Public sympathy is best uttered through the tenderness of silence. There is but one feeling of deepest interest for all those who have been brought within the sweep of this dreadful tragedy. If it is some comfort to the afflicted to know that every heart grows tender as it turns toward them, still the words of sympathy must be uttered in private, and for their solace and support they must look to God.

FRIVOLOUSNESS.

It is worth considering, before how many sins mere frivolousness sets an open gate of entrance. *Mere* frivolousness, we say; and so the world says; as if a habit of mind so essentially dissolute as this term implies were a light matter. Is a frame of feeling that prepares the way for a host of vices, less blameable, or less perilous than any one of those vices themselves? Which is worse, the occasional lapse from a lofty and solemn purpose, or a condition so devoid of serious aims and high principle, as to be ready to entertain any temptation, and to be seduced into the first folly that offers?

There is a period of life, lying between a sheltered childhood on the one hand, and a maturity charged with the necessary responsibility of important affairs on the other, which no earnest Christian can contemplate without pain, if not alarm. To a great multitude of the young people in our community,—belonging perhaps to families from which we are accustomed to expect the most Christian influence, and the most decisive fruits of our faith,—we yet feel that it would be wholly impossible to apply the name of Christian disciples. The questions why they are not so, what they are, and how they can be made what they ought to be, we are not now about to consider. One thing is certain; with a great number of them the chief foe to the admission of all serious impressions is general levity. There may be no open crime, no concealed vice; there may be amiability, candor, generosity, decency, and an external propriety of demeanor. But there is not faith; there is not a high, ruling Christian purpose; there is not consecration to God. And so, the richest treasure, and noblest ornament of character are wanting. Life runs to waste. And all this, not so much because the disposition is wicked, as because there is no settled, well-defined purpose to live righteously. Not so much because the mind is pre-occupied by bad intentions, as because it is unoccupied by any intentions at all. Vacancy is the state.—Frivolousness is the point of danger. The world sways the light and empty heart at its foolish pleasure. Young man, young woman, has not God called you to a diviner destiny? Are there no moments when existence looks solemn to you? Can you be content to trifle away these sacred hours, when God, Duty, Christ and Immortality are beckoning you to the skies?

> "Why will ye waste in trifling cares,
> The lives Divine Compassion spares,
> While, in the various range of thought,
> The one thing needful is forgot?"

UNITY OF SPIRIT.

The New York Evangelist of March 21, contains another and very able article on the atonement. We almost regret that we have stated our views so fully as to preclude the necessity of a further reply. We are sorry to give up the discussion; for we think it has done something to bring both the editors of the two papers and their readers into a more pleasant relation with one another. Far from being estranged from those whose views we were controverting, we have only been drawn towards them more strongly and with a deeper affection by every article that has been written.

A single paragraph we quote from the Evangelist with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret.

"There has, we confess, been to us a peculiar charm in this discussion, so that we feel somewhat reluctant to leave it. Both parties have entertained none but kind feelings to their opponents. There has been no polemical heat and irascibility manifested. The discussion has been conducted with candor and sincerity, and if we have not attained to any greater community of faith than we had before, we have at least been led to respect each other's spirit. Another feeling has also sprung up in our mind, one indeed which we have often felt, but never more powerfully, and that is a feeling of sadness on the reflection that with God's word in our hands there still should be so much difference of opinion abroad. Are we then never to come to an agreement, and must the gospel of our Saviour Jesus Christ still remain the subject of nice debate, and conflicting views?"

Must it still be so? we also ask. The history of the Church shows that to some extent it must. We are satisfied that arguments alone will not bring us together. But, as in the spirit of our common Master we are brought into closer union with one another, our differences of intellectual belief will in some measure melt away, and we shall be united in bonds more purely spiritual than those which are the "subject of nice debate, and conflicting views."

It is a great question how far we may differ in our intellectual opinions and yet preserve the integrity of our Christian life. There are limits which may not be safely passed. But without abating one iota from what is essential in Christianity, we have much yet to learn in the way, not of tolerating opinions opposed to our own, but of tolerating those who hold such opinions, and of recognizing sometimes, as Christian brethren, those with whom in their intellectual speculations we may have little in common. We do not press this point here; for we know that personally it must give the Evangelist pain to refuse to us the hand of fellowship which its religious convictions will not allow it to extend; and even that momentary pain we would not inflict. The field of our labors is the world. There is room enough for us all. As we cannot labor together, and lighten each other's toils by our mutual counsels and united prayers, let us, each, according to our convictions of duty and with a sense of accountability to God, do what we can for the advancement of his kingdom on the earth; and leave all beyond to his higher wisdom and mercy.

THE AUTHORITY OF LAW.

It is one of our greatest blessings here in New England that the laws of the land interfere so little with our privileges as individuals, that we are hardly conscious of their existence. We live under their benign but silent influence, our lives and property are secured by them, and yet we are left with all the liberty of thought, speech and action, that intelligent Christian men can ask. Many subjects, which are legislated upon in other countries, are here left to the individual mind and conscience, and the laws so harmonize with the general moral sentiment of the community, that no legal penalties are imposed except for actions which are generally condemned as wrong by the moral convictions of the people. Each, therefore, adds to the strength of the other. The law helps to educate the conscience, and the conscience of the people lends authority to the law. So long as this harmony is preserved, the question whether we owe supreme allegiance to the law of God addressing itself to the individual mind and conscience, or to the law of the land as expressed in legal enactments, is one *apparently* of little practical importance. But with a people who, according to the theory of their government, are in extreme cases the supreme authority in making and enforcing laws, it is always important that they should know whether as individuals they are to recognise any higher authority than the law of the land, and if so, to ascertain how and when they are justified in disregarding or resisting it.

As Christians we are subject to the law of God which he has made known to us by his Son. Christ addresses us as individuals directly accountable to God. He lays down in terms as plain as language can make, principles of thought and action as the supreme law of life, which we are in no wise to violate or disobey. He has proclaimed a law transcending in authority all other laws, directly binding on the individual conscience, and from which no human laws whether in Church or State can set us free. In matters involving no violation of moral and religious principles he would have us obey the civil magistrate, but the laws of man must not be interposed between us and obedience to the laws of God. The Apostles acted on this principle. When the magistrates called Peter and John and "commanded them not to speak at all nor to teach in the name of Jesus," the reply was, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." In obedience to this principle they went on, persecuted often, imprisoned and finally put to death by the civil magistrates, setting at naught the laws of man which would interfere with their obedience to the higher law of God. The early martyrs perished in this way, because they believed that their highest allegiance was due to the law of God and not to the government or institutions of man. So in England, the martyrs, who perished because of their fidelity to their religious convictions, violated the law of the land; and if that has an authority higher than the individual conscience, they were justly put to death, and the religious sentiment of the Christian world, which has sanctified their memories, is a fanatical and mistaken sentiment.

The highest law of duty is found in the gospel of Jesus, addressing itself to the individual mind and conscience. When, after using our best powers to understand this law in any given case, we have come to a conclusion which we are entirely satisfied is the true teaching of Christ, we must strive to fulfil its requirements. No human laws can take away our obligation to obey it. The fact that it stands in the way of some legal enactment should lead us to review the subject with additional care, so as to be sure that we have the authority of Christ on our side. Having done this, and finding that we cannot in any particular obey the law of the land without violating our deliberately established moral and religious convictions, there is, in the light of our Christian ethics, but one course for us to pursue. We may be mistaken; it may be the duty of the civil magistrate to punish us; but, so far as we are concerned, we must obey what we believe to be the command of God, and on no account violate what we believe to be the requirements of his law.

There will always be tender consciences, and foolish men whose conscientious convictions rest on whimsical views of public measures, or of what is taught in the Scriptures. A wise system of legislation will leave to them all the liberty that is consistent with the sacred rights of others. It is a tyrannical government that does not make large allowance for the folly of its subjects, and few of us would always escape its penalties. But when the conscientious convictions of one part of the community injuriously interfere with the plain rights of another, then it is the duty of government to interpose in behalf of the injured party. In a well educated, moral community such cases very seldom occur, and the offenders usually are rather to be treated with tenderness as fit subjects for a lunatic hospital than to be harshly dealt with as criminals.

Under our State governments, with the facilities we have for adapting our laws to the wants of the age, so that our legislation may keep pace with the general moral sentiment of the people, there is hardly a possibility of any serious difficulty in this matter. But under the constitution of the United States, there are difficulties which we as Christian moralists must be prepared to meet by our calmest, wisest and most solemn deliberations. For it is a matter of grave and solemn importance seriously to put the question whether in a single instance we shall knowingly and wilfully set aside the authority of the government under which we live. Yet we must come to this, if, after the best attention that we can give to the subject, we are entirely satisfied that it requires of us that which is wholly inconsistent with our allegiance to the law of God. If there should be any such legal requirement, we, as individuals, must disregard it, and suffer the consequences. At the same time, as citizens of a free country, we are to use all just efforts to prevent the enactment of such a law, or, if it is already passed, to procure its repeal. If the old law by which Quakers were once executed should be restored to our statute book, and every good citizen required to use his efforts to bring the conscientious offender to the gallows because of his religious belief, we should feel bound by a law more sacred than any that man can pass, to secure and shelter him from death. And we should use every influence in our power to repeal the unjust and unchristian law. A second Jeffries might visit us in judgment, and frighten us into obedience; but that would not affect the moral aspect of the case. Above all things legislators should take solemn heed how they shock the settled moral and religious convictions of the people. No considerations of expediency can compensate for the injury done by such an act.

We have spoken of what may be our duty in an extreme case. Wherever a law of the land comes directly and palpably into collision with a law of God, our allegiance is due to the law of God. But such an event may not happen to us once in a generation. If our legislators are wise, it will never happen. If therefore we, the people of these United States, were only subjects, and not, as we are in fact, the supreme law-makers of the land, we might perhaps let the matter rest. But there is vested in the people the power, through their agents and under established forms, of altering or repealing not only every law of the land, but every article in the Constitution. For this reason it becomes us, not only as citizens under the law or as legislators under the Constitution, but as in the last resort the supreme government over the law and the Constitution, to apply the plain rules of Christian morality with extreme care to every law and every article of the Constitution which may seem to militate with the law of God. And if, after the most thorough investigation that we can make, we are satisfied that any law or any article in the Constitution is utterly immoral and unchristian, then, as citizens, at the ballot box and in every legitimate way, we must use all our influence to secure its amendment or repeal. In our private intercourse, in public meetings, in the halls of legislation, and wherever our sphere of influence is, we may arraign, denounce and condemn it, as unworthy the countenance and inconsistent with the principles of a Christian people. They who think differently have an equal right to oppose us and to express and vindicate their opinions. The moral sentiment, which not only displaces public officers and changes the laws, but moulds at will the very Constitution under which laws are made, is at first perhaps only a suggestion in some pure and thoughtful mind, softly spoken of in confidential intercourse with friends, afterwards discussed in wider circles, spreading itself as a moral conviction till it has taken hold of some of the most devout and conscientious spirits, through them uttering itself in tones of religious authority, awakening angry controversies, agitating and sometimes convulsing the whole community, mixed up with irrelevant questions betrayed by the timid and time-serving, repudiated by far-seeing statesmen who look for authority to legal enactments more than to moral principles, but through storm and calm making its way on till it has become a deep-seated and almost omnipotent principle of life and thought throughout the land. It was in this way that Christianity penetrated into the heart of the Roman empire, and while the old forms of government were still preserved, and the old temples still held sacred by the laws, and the old altars were burning with the accustomed sacrifices, and priests attended with all the pomp of their once great office, the strength and vitality of these things had all departed, the moral and religious enthusiasm of the empire was concentrated upon other objects; and when the hour had come, as by the motion of a wand the old superstitions crumbled into dust, and from tombs and catacombs, a new race, heretofore publicly recognised only to be despised and persecuted, came up to take their place, and to diffuse as far as was possible through so dead a mass the living principles of a new religion and of a new and higher civilization. Here was a stupendous revolution, wrought within a despotism by the influence under God of individuals one upon another, till through an immense empire it had undermined the old safeguards of society, and so infused the new faith with its vital and conservative elements into all the departments of life, that when the Emperor became a Christian he found it an easy work to change the public religion of the state. And his successor who, without recognising the influence of moral causes, thought by new laws to restore the old religion, perished in the vain attempt to control deep-seated moral influences by the potency of an outward authority. If all this could be accomplished under a despotism, what among a free people may not be accomplished in the process of time by the growing efficiency of moral and religious principles through the action of individual minds! There is no law and no article in the Constitution, which can retain its place and its authority after it has come to be palpably inconsistent with the moral convictions of the people.

Honor to a Christian Life. A colored woman of most excellent character was buried at Brunswick, Me., on the seventh of March last. Her pall was borne by Governor Robert Dunlap, Dr. Lincoln, Professor Packard, and Joseph McKeon, Esq. The principal-mourners are said to have been the Rev. President Allen and two of his daughters from Northampton, in this State. She was buried by the side of Mrs. Allen and her daughter. The funeral services were held in a church, near the Colleges, and an affecting discourse was preached by Rev. Dr. Adams, which was listened to by an assembly, that completely filled the building. These attentions were paid to this obscure individual, on account of her exemplary Christian character. The "Traveller" gives the following brief history of her life.

"She was born a slave on the famous Beverwyck estate in Hanover, Morris county, near Newark, N. J. In early life she entered as a servant the family of President Wheelock, of Dartmouth College, and lived in his family and that of his daughters, Maria Malleville Allen, the wife of President Allen, of Bowdoin College, forty years. For the last eighteen years, she lived alone in her house, and she died alone and suddenly. In the same night, and probably at the same hour, died her friend, the wife of the Rev. Dr. Adams.

"This circumstance added peculiar interest and pathos to his discourse. He said, that if his beloved companion (then lying dead, to be buried the next day) could have been permitted to choose an attendant spirit, as she passed through the dark valley, and in her upward flight to the paradise of God, doubtless she would have chosen Phebe. 'Black Phebe!' he exclaimed, 'she has sometimes been called; but her soul is whiter and purer than the light, and her heavenly garments are more resplendent than the sun shining in his brightness.'"

LAKE SUPERIOR.

Lake Superior: its Physical Character, Vegetation and Animals, compared with those of Other and Similar Regions. By Louis Agassiz. With a Narrative of the Tour, by J. Elliot Cabot, and Contributions by other Scientific Gentlemen. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 8vo. pp. 428.

The volume lately published by Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, under the above title, is one of the most remarkable which have appeared for many years. It contains the results of a scientific excursion, made in the summer of 1848, to Lake Superior, by Prof. Agassiz, and several other scientific gentlemen, a part of whom were his pupils in the University. The plan upon which the expedition was conducted was very peculiar, and well suited to bring together a great variety of valuable information. One of the gentlemen, Mr. J. Eliot Cabot, kept a journal, and recorded, besides the incidents that happened from day to day, the substance of the lectures given by the Professor upon the objects of scientific interest which fell under their observation. The first hundred and thirty-three pages are filled with the journal and lectures, and they will be found extremely interesting and instructive, even to the common reader. One cannot help being surprised at the great variety of information suggested by every inch of ground, so to speak, over which the company passed, and combined by the Professor in these brief but admirable discourses, so as to connect the particulars of daily observation with general and philosophical views. The familiarity of Mr. Agassiz with every department of Natural Science, enabled him to set all these individual facts in the light of magnificent generalizations, so as to make them, in a comprehensive sense, additions to the treasures of human knowledge. It is impossible to read this part of the work without feeling how important the habit of observing and generalizing is, and how much of improvement and delight the shortest journey, and even an hour's walk, taken for bodily health, may be made to furnish to a mind so trained, and senses educated to watch the processes of nature.

The views briefly touched upon in the lectures are treated at greater length in a series of papers, by Prof. Agassiz and others, which occupy the main body of the work. These are of great value, both for the arrangement of the special facts which they embody, and for the manner in which the bearing of these facts upon the broad conclusions of science is pointed out, illustrated and enforced; so that the materials collected in the course of this journey are not left in a disconnected state, but, if we may be allowed to use the expression, built into the great edifice of human knowledge. The first paper is devoted to the comparison of Northern vegetation with that of the Jura and the Alps. To show the manner in which Prof. Agassiz moralizes the facts of science, we quote from this paper the following passage:—

"The geographical distribution of organized beings displays more fully the direct intervention of a Supreme Intelligence in the plan of the Creation, than any other adaptation in the physical world. Generally the evidence of such an intervention is derived from the benefits, material, intellectual, and moral, which man derives from nature around him, and from the mental conviction which consciousness imparts to him, that there could be no such wonderful order in the Creation, without an omnipotent Ordainer of the whole. This evidence, however plain to the Christian, will never be satisfactory to the man of science, in that form. In these studies evidence must rest upon direct observation and induction, just as fully as mathematics claims the right to settle all questions about measurable things. There will be no *scientific* evidence of God's working in nature until naturalists have shown that the whole Creation is the *expression of a thought*, and not the *product of physical agents*. Now what stronger evidence of thoughtful adaptation can there be, than the various combinations of similar, though specifically different assemblages of animals and plants repeated all over the world, under the most uniform and the most diversified circumstances! When we meet with pine trees, so remarkable for their peculiarities, both morphological and anatomical, combined with beeches, birches, oaks, maples, &c., as well in North America as in Europe and Northern Asia, under most similar circumstances; when we find again representatives of the same family with totally different features, mingling so to say under low latitudes with palm trees and all the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics; when we truly behold such scenes and have penetrated their full meaning as naturalists, then we are placed in a position similar to that of the antiquarian who visits ancient monuments. He recognizes at once the workings of intelligence in the remains of an ancient civilization; he may fail to ascertain their age correctly, he may remain doubtful as to the order in which they were successively constructed, but the character of the whole tells him that they are works of art, and that men, like himself, originated these relics of by-gone ages. So shall the intelligent naturalist read at once in the pictures which nature presents to him, the works of a higher Intelligence; he shall recognize in the minute perforated cells of the Coniferæ, which differ so wonderfully from those of other plants, the hieroglyphics of a peculiar age; in their needle-like leaves, the escutcheon of a peculiar dynasty; in their repeated appearance under most diversified circumstances, a thoughtful and thought-eliciting adaptation. He beholds indeed the works of a being *thinking* like himself, but he feels at the same time that he stands as much below the Supreme Intelligence in wisdom, power and goodness, as the works of art are inferior to the wonders of nature. Let naturalists look at the world under such impressions and evidence will pour in upon us that all creatures are expressions of the thoughts of Him whom we know, love and adore unseen."

The next paper contains a more special discussion of the vegetation on the shores of Lake Superior, and catalogues of the analogous species in the region of the Alps.

It is well known that Professor Agassiz has recently made some important modifications in the classification of animals, from embryonic and palæozoic data, and that his researches in this direction have led to one of the grandest generalizations to which the mind of man has ever risen. These views were partly unfolded in his last course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, and they have made a profound impression among thinking men in both hemispheres. The principle of the classification rests upon several generalizations, which finally coincide, and form the basis of one comprehensive scheme. First, the order of succession in the geological epochs exhibits a series of improvements upon the primitive types of the four great classes in the animal kingdom; so that the order of perfection is identical with the order of time. These are the Palæozoic data. Second, Mr. Agassiz has shown that the higher and lower classes reach different stages of developement in their embryonic state; so that the complete developement of the lower is only a step in the developement of the higher. Embryology, therefore, furnishes a natural principle of arrangement, of universal application. Third, on comparing the results of embryological with those of palæontological investigation, there is found to be a perfect coincidence; that is, the order of developement in the embryo is identical with the order of succession in the geological epochs, the perfect state of the animals belonging to one epoch representing only the embryonic condition of the animals in the following epoch. Connected with these views, another conclusion has been shown to be demonstrably true, namely, that these successive orders of beings do not stand to each other in the relation of parents and offspring—that the more perfect is not evolved from the less perfect—that man is not an improvement upon the monkey—but that each and all have come into existence, and taken their places in the universal scheme, in obedience to the creative fiat of an Almighty and ever-present God. Thus the sublime representation given by Moses, that the Creator made "the grass and herb," and "every living thing that moveth," *after their kind*, and then "saw that it was good," is sustained at every point, in opposition to the plausible doctrines of such writers as the author of the Vestiges of Creation, by the last and most profound conclusions of physical science. The paper on the classification of animals connects itself with these general views, of which the above is a slight sketch.

The fourth paper is a contribution on "the Coleoptera of Lake Superior," by Dr. Leconte, a young but distinguished entomologist of New York. This is followed by a paper on "the Fishes of Lake Superior, compared with those of the other great Canadian Lakes." Some very interesting views of the geographical distribution and circumscription of animals are discussed at great length, and illustrated by the facts of this particular subject. We quote the concluding passage. After having spoken of the variations in the range of species, and the analogies between the two contrasts, Prof. Agassiz proceeds:—

"Such facts have an important bearing upon the history of creation, and it would be very unphilosophical to adhere to any view respecting its plan, which would not embrace these facts, and grant them their full meaning. If we face the fundamental question which is at the bottom of this particular distribution of animals, and ask ourselves, where have all these fishes been created, there can be but one answer given which will not be in conflict and direct contradiction with the facts themselves, and the laws that regulate animal life. The fishes and all other fresh-water animals of the region of the great lakes, must have been created where they live. They are circumscribed within boundaries, over which they cannot pass, and to which there is no natural access from other quarters. There is no trace of their having extended further in their geographical distribution at any former period, nor of their having been limited within narrower boundaries.

"It cannot be rational to suppose that they were created in some other part of the world, and were transferred to this continent, to die away in the region where they are supposed to have originated, and to multiply in the region where they are found. There is no reason why we should not take the present evidence in their distribution as the natural fact respecting their origin, and that they are, and were from the beginning, best suited for the country where they are now found.

"Moreover, they bear to the species which inhabit similar regions, and live under similar circumstances in Europe and Asia, and the Pacific side of this continent, such relations, that they appear to the philosophical observer as belonging to a plan which has been carried out in its details with reference to the general arrangement. The species of Europe, Asia, and the Pacific side of this continent, correspond in their general combination to the species of the eastern and northern parts of the American continent, all over which the same general types are extended. They correspond to each other on the whole, but differ as to species.

"And again, this temperate fauna has such reference to the fauna of the Arctic, and to that of the warmer zones, that any transposition of isolated members of the whole plan, would disturb the harmony which is evidently maintained throughout the natural distribution of organized beings all over the world. This internal evidence of an intentional arrangement, having direct reference to the present geographical distribution of the animals, dispersed over the whole surface of our globe, shows most conclusively, that they have been created where they are now found. Denying this position were equivalent to denying that the creation has been made according to a wise plan. It were denying to the Creator the intention of establishing well regulated mutual relations between the beings he has called into existence. It were denying him the wisdom which is exemplified in nature, to ascribe it to the creatures themselves, to ascribe it even to those creatures in which we hardly see evidence of consciousness, or worse than all, to ascribe this wonderful order to physical influences or mere chance.

"As soon as this general conclusion is granted, there are, however, some further adaptations which follow as a matter of course. Each type, being created within the limits of the natural area which it is to inhabit, must have been placed there under circumstances favorable to its preservation and reproduction, and adapted to the fulfilment of the purposes for which it was created. There are, in animals, peculiar adaptations which are characteristic of their species, and which cannot be supposed to have arisen from subordinate influences. Those which live in shoals cannot be supposed to have been created in single pairs. Those which are made to be the food of others cannot have been created in the same proportions as those which feed upon them. Those which are everywhere found in innumerable specimens, must have been introduced in numbers capable of maintaining their normal proportions to those which live isolated, and are comparatively and constantly fewer. For we know that this harmony in the numerical proportions between animals is one of the great laws of nature. The circumstance that species occur within definite limits where no obstacles prevent their wider distribution, leads to the further inference that these limits were assigned to them from the beginning, and so we should come to the final conclusion, that the order which prevails throughout the creation is intentional, that it is regulated by the limits marked out on the first day of creation, and that it has been maintained unchanged through ages, with no other modifications than those which the higher intellectual powers of man enable him to impose upon some few of the animals more closely connected with him, and in reference to those very limited changes which he is able to produce artificially upon the surface of our globe."

The remaining papers are on the Reptiles of Lake Superior, by Prof. Agassiz; a Report on the Birds collected there, by Mr. Cabot; descriptions of Lepidoptera, by Dr. Harris; on the Erratic Phenomena about Lake Superior, and the Outlines of Lake Superior, by Professor Agassiz. All these contributions have their appropriate value, and are all pervaded by the same philosophical spirit. The geological explanation of the peculiar forms of the outline of Lake Superior is a very curious application of the principles of Science to the existing features of the Earth's surface. In the paper on the Erratic Phenomena, Prof. Agassiz discusses the glacier theory, to which some of his best known works are devoted. The boulders in the neighborhood of Lake Superior furnish numerous facts, the general tendency of which is to confirm the conclusions to which he had long since arrived, that the drift and erratic blocks, which form such striking features in the present condition of the surface of our globe, from the poles down to lines within the Northern and Southern temperate zones, were borne from their primitive seats by moving glaciers, and deposited in their present places when these immense masses of ice melted and disappeared. This is only a general statement of the theory. Particular modifications are attributed to local centres of distribution, such as the Alps, the Apennines, the White Mountains, some of which are still in action. So far as the Alps are concerned, Prof. Guyot's long and minute observations have shown beyond a question, that the distribution of the boulders over what he calls the erratic basins in the valleys of Switzerland, and the adjoining countries, must have been brought about by glacial agency precisely similar to that which is now seen in operation, at a period when the glaciers, owing probably to a different hygrometrical state of the atmosphere, were much more extensive than they are at present. Prof. Agassiz deduces from these and other similar facts a general conclusion, which embraces the erratic phenomena over the whole arctic and antarctic, and a great portion of the temperate regions of the globe. This theory has been warmly contested, and the controversy is yet *sub judice;* but as far as we can judge, the facts observed in the neighborhood of Lake Superior are not easily explained upon any other hypothesis.

It is impossible, in a mere notice, to do more than touch superficially here and there upon a work so rich and varied in matter, and so pregnant of lofty suggestions and comprehensive truths. We commend it to all intelligent readers, whether scientific or otherwise, and whether lay or clerical.

BARRETT'S DISCOURSES.

Two Discourses: preached in the Twelfth Congregational Church, Sunday, February 10, 1850, on the Completion of the Twenty-Fifth Year of his Ministry, by Samuel Barrett. Printed at the request of the Society. Boston: Tuttle & Dennett, 1850. Pages, 40.

Though these sermons are not published, but intended chiefly for the use of the Congregation, to whom they were addressed, they will be read with satisfaction by many out of that number. They are a record, modest yet faithful, of an able and devoted ministry among a kind and grateful and united people; of a ministry extended to a period, which in these days of change is becoming more and more infrequent. They are the history of a church of this our city, founded at a time, when the building of churches was not, as now, of frequent occurrence; and, moreover, of "the First Society established on the grounds of Unitarian Christianity within the ancient limits of Boston." For, as the author rightly explains — "though nearly all the Congregational churches, here and in the vicinity, had long before taken the liberal side in theology," and, we might add, were well known and widely reputed to have done so, under the instructions, first, of Mayhew and of Chauncy, of Howard and of Belknap, of Freeman, Eliot, and Kirkland, yet "all these churches were *in their origin* Trinitarian, most of them Calvinistic; and such they continued to be for a great length of time."

"The first movement," says Dr. Barrett, "towards the erection of this church took place on the 26th of March, 1822, at a private meeting of gentlemen distinguished by their character and position." We distinctly remember that meeting, and the association to which reference is made. It was composed of several individuals, laymen as well as clergymen, the greater part of whom are no longer with us, who had at heart the best interests of the community, and who met to inquire by what means such interests might be most effectually advanced. Nor did their consultations end, as sometimes is seen, in discussion. Many valuable objects, religious and charitable, for the spiritual benefit of the city or of the community at large, were, at the suggestion and, in repeated instances, by the personal influence of members of this little association, undertaken and accomplished. Here originated the church in Purchase Street of which *the Rev.* George Ripley was the first Pastor, which is now happily removed to a more favorable location under the ministry of Rev. Mr. Coolidge; and here, if we mistake not, among other things, was first suggested the idea or the proposal of the American Unitarian Association and of "the Ministry at Large." And when we recal, though at the interval of more than a quarter of a century, those friendly social meetings,* at which, among the most punctual and the most welcome, were the Wares, father and son, Channing and Tuckerman, Higginson and Phillips, Andrews Norton and Willard, Palfrey, Ticknor, and Guild; when we remember, too, the good words that were spoken and "the worthy deeds that were done through their providence" in the name and for the sake of our "precious faith," we cannot but remember even our humble place in such a society, as among the privileges and satisfactions for which we owe thanks unto God.

Having adverted to the origin of this society, Dr. Barrett thus utters his grateful experience of his own relations with it for twenty-five years:

"When I entered upon my ministry in this place, the Society was not only new but small. The materials of which it was composed, though in themselves good, were heterogeneous, having been derived from various sources. Every sect and nearly every church in the city contributed elements to its formation and growth. Was it to be reasonably expected that any great degree of harmony would distinguish such a parish? Yet there never, perhaps, existed a more united people than you have been. No root of bitterness has at any time, to my knowledge, sprung up amongst you. Like brothers and sisters you have dwelt together in peace and love. Differences of opinion there doubtless have been, and earnest discussion of affairs; but without the least sacrifice of cordial good will. Unitedly and cheerfully you have sustained the institutions of religion amongst yourselves, and in no instance has a just appeal been made from abroad to your benevolence, without being responded to with feelings at once accordant and generous. As for myself, how shall I speak? I have been happy; possibly too happy. No trouble has come to me through the agency of this congregation. If I have had an enemy in it, he never revealed himself to me as such. Our relations to each other have been, without exception, friendly. No request made by me has been refused by you; and my silent wishes have not been disregarded. Twenty-five more pleasant years than I have passed with you, have probably at no time fallen to the lot of another Minister. Whatever awaits me in future, the past is secure; and I shall always look back upon the long portion of my life spent here with feelings of joy, tempered only by the sense of my own imperfections, and with fervent gratitude to Almighty God. Turning now from the consideration of the singular harmony of this Society, and from the manner in which its Pastor has been made happy, we can hardly avoid noticing how it differs from other Parishes, in these changeable times, by having its history limited to the ministry of a single individual. Of all the other churches belonging to the city at the period of my ordination, only seven retain the Pastors who served them then; and of these, three were settled only a short time before me, two have had the aid of colleagues, and one, on account of ill health, has expressed the desire to be relieved from the duties of his office, next month, which has been yielded to by his Society. All the congregations of this metropolis, except the small number just specified, including most of the fifty or sixty gathered since our own, have exchanged their Ministers, each at least once, and not a few of them almost as many times as they have lived years."

The statistics of the Society, always more or less interesting to those who compose it, are there

*The members of this Association met for several years at each other's houses, and after tea or some slight refreshment they spent the whole evening in conversation, or discussion of such topics as had either been previously appointed, or might at the time be suggested.

exhibited, and this after a method somewhat new and peculiar. Having classed under separate heads "the Pulpit, the Rite of Confirmation, the Ordinance of Baptism, the Sunday School, Pastoral Visiting," and other objects embracing occasional or permanent interests, the preacher stated, that for the pulpit there have been more than two thousand and six hundred services, of which about three fifths have been performed by himself; that the Lord's Supper has been celebrated "nearly three hundred times, and never has it been fenced around by human creeds;" that the ordinance of Baptism has been administered to four hundred; that within the Sunday School there have been engaged and employed during this quarter of a century about two hundred and forty instructers, dividing their cares and duties among "nearly one thousand two hundred pupils." But the most interesting and encouraging item in these statistics is, that of all this large number of pupils, "not more than three or four have within the knowledge of their teachers failed so to perform the duties of life as to do credit to themselves and to make glad the hearts of their friends."

After some wise and judicious remarks upon "Pastoral Visiting," the obvious result of a sound reflection and wide experience, closing with the remark, that while desirous to *converse* on religion in the parlor, "wherever and whenever it may be desired, his *preaching* would probably be, as it has been, mostly in the pulpit," Dr Barrett adverts in concluding his morning Discourse to the records of mortality, and finds that since his first coming to his people he had buried two hundred and fifty.

Statistics like the above are indeed to be found in the Records of every church history, and are all reached by the application of the simplest laws of arithmetic. But in the hearts of those who are concerned, what varied recollections and emotions do these annals of life and death, of joy and of grief awaken! Here a gift and there a bereavement; here a call for gratitude and there for submission; on the one side, the bereaved weeping over the memory of the cherished and departed, and on the other, the prosperous and the happy rejoicing in possession or hope.

We can notice the second of these discourses only to observe upon the appropriateness of the text, certainly the best suited of all others in the sacred record for a continued or afternoon discourse. It is taken from St. Peter; and is in these fitting words. "This *second* Epistle, beloved, I now write unto you; in both which I stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance." We confess to a pleasure, amounting almost to a passion, in a well-chosen text. We hold ourselves debtors to the preacher on this occasion for the felicity of his selection and the satisfaction that his texts and his discourses have given us: and we cordially congratulate both the Pastor and the Flock of "The Twelfth Congregational Church" on their pleasant retrospects of the past, their steady progress, mutual confidence and peace, and in their bright prospects for the future. F. P.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

White Jacket: by Melville. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This book is, we think, much superior to its predecessors. In many respects it reminds us of Dana's Three Years before the Mast. It has the same air of simplicity and truthfulness,—the same minuteness of detail. Both writers have the same skill in giving a picture-like character to the incidents and personages of their narratives. Owing, however, mainly to the wider field of observation which Melville enjoyed, and the greater variety of material which was at hand, he has produced a work which we apprehend will be more popular than even Dana's most interesting book. We would recommend it especially because it gives apparently a true picture of what our naval system is. It does not seem to have been by any means the writer's main object to lay bare the abuses of irresponsible power which exist on board our naval ships; but he says enough to make his readers feel that nowhere, save on the slave plantation, are they more rife. We thank him in the name of humanity, for thus boldly, and yet in no mere partisan or fanatical spirit, exposing them. We like too his spirit in other connexions. We should be glad to believe that any of the naval officers, rated on the ship's books as Chaplains, have ever borne as faithful testimony in favor of peace principles as this earnest, though very funny, preacher from the main-top.

We wish that a copy of this book could be in the hands of every one of our national legislators, that the sailor might be protected by law, not only against "the cat," but against other usurpations of authority almost as intolerable.

We would commend it also to those Christian parents who have young sons desirous of serving their country as midshipmen.. If they read it, they will agree with us, that the author gives some good reasons for addressing them in words like these,—"Hold them fast—all those who have not yet weighed their anchors for the navy—round and round—hitch over hitch, bind your leading-strings on them, and clinching a ring-bolt into your chimney-jam, moor your boys fast to that best of harbors, the hearth-stone."

The History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to 1688: by David Hume, with the Author's last Corrections and Improvements. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1850. Vol. I.

A very different historian is David Hume from Mr. Macaulay, or Mr. Robertson, or Mr. Hallam or Mr. Carlyle. But it will be a long time probably before his History of England ceases to be a standard work. That History ought certainly to be written in the spirit of a more Christian philosophy, as well as with a more minute and accurate study of the facts. But for the present, all the world must read Hume. The Harpers do well, therefore, to put the work into this cheap, convenient and comely shape. The present edition is prefaced by the Author's sketch of his own life, and that singular and most melancholy letter of Adam Smith, giving an account of his last days,—a letter in which the enthusiasm of an admiring friendship cannot apologize for the mournful tokens of a total absence of religious faith from the great man's heart.

Memoir, Letters and Poems of Bernard Barton: Edited by his Daughter. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1850.

The readers of the Correspondence of Charles Lamb,—and who are not they?—know the good, sensible, affectionate, genial, large-hearted Quaker poet, Bernard Barton. They cannot know him too well. He was too generous to be cramped by any sect, even his own, and too simple and reverent a disciple of Faith to be a slave to the customs, artifices, and shams of society. He was a man of sterling stamp, always fresh from the mint of nature. Let those who would refresh themselves by intimacy with such a character, read his Life.

Prayers for the Use of Families, chiefly selected from various Authors; with a Preliminary Essay, together with a Selection of Hymns: by Albert Barnes. Philadelphia: Thomas Cowperthwait & Co.

The preliminary essay on Family Prayer is excellent. The prayers are, most of them, too stately and distant, more petitions to God as a Sovereign, than prayers from the gathered household to their common Father. There are exceptions to this, but not enough to make the book just what we want. There could hardly be a better selection of hymns within the same compass.

Atheism and the People, by Alphonse de Lamartine Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850.

This brilliant protest against materialism, sensualism, socialism, and communism, in connection with the striking events of the late French Revolution, and the present condition of the French nation,—and eloquent plea for Faith in the God and Father of Jesus Christ,—is translated from "*L. Conseiller du Peuple*," by Rev. E. E. Hale and Francis Le Baron.

Cuba and the Cubans: by the author of Letters from Cuba. New York: Samuel Hunton. 1850.

This book contains a History of Cuba and an account of its present condition and relations. It is on a subject of great and growing interest. It is for sale by Crosby & Nichols.

Gleanings from the Poets, for Home and Schools. A new Edition enlarged. Boston: Crosby & Nichols and S. G. Simpkins

There is no better selection of poetry for home or schools than this—none that we would so gladly put into the hands of a child to be his intimate friend for years. It indicates on the part of the compiler not only taste, but a most catholic spirit, drawing in under its comprehensive affections excellences of the most diverse and opposite character.

The New England Historical and Genealogical Register for April. 1850.

A most carefully prepared number of this praiseworthy journal, intended to perpetuate the names and memory of our fathers. We commend its purposes, and honor it for the marks of laborious accuracy which its pages bear. It is well to preserve distinct the lines that connect a people with their virtuous ancestors.

The Poultry Book: a Treatise on Breeding, and General Management of Domestic Fowls: by John C. Bennett, M. D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

A full and carefully prepared manual, accompanied by many good engravings, and, we suppose, the most complete and useful book of the kind that has been published.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Conclusion of Professor Webster's Trial. The trial of Professor Webster, for the murder of Dr. George Parkman, was concluded last Saturday night. At eight o'clock, the chief Justice having finished his charge, the papers were handed to the Jury and they retired to their apartment. The Court then adjourned to another apartment in the building, where it was their purpose to wait, if necessary, till midnight, in order to render any information to the jurors on points of law, or on any matter upon which the opinion of the Judges might be desired. The square around the Court House was filled with a dense multitude, who had assembled to learn the result of the trial. As soon as it was known that the case had been given to the Jury, and that a verdict would probably be rendered that night, the excitement among the crowd, that thronged the square and the streets in its vicinity, became intense. Every where, the people were discussing the probable verdict of the Jury. Various were the conjectures offered. A sort of fearful anxiety to know the fate of the accused bound the multitude to the spot. There was a degree of excitement manifested, of a sad and fearful character, such as is rarely witnessed in our community. The scene within the court room was more solemn and not less exciting than that without. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, many of our oldest and most respectable citizens were present. The room of the Supreme Court was filled. All were anxiously waiting with sad forebodings for the verdict of the Jury, which would seal the fate of the accused.

Within the Jury room a different and a still more solemn scene was enacted. For nearly forty minutes after they entered, the Jury remained, seated in silent thought. None cared to speak. A sense of the sad duty, which must be performed, compelled each one into silence. We extract from the Courier the following account of the deliberations of the Jury.

At half-past nine o'clock, the foreman, Mr. Byram, addressed his associates upon their duty, which he stated to be to render a verdict in accordance with law and evidence. There were three questions to be settled, in order to justify the jurors in the rendition of a verdict of guilty, and these were—Was it proved that the fragments of a human body found on Prof. Webster's premises, at the Medical College, were the remains of the late Dr. George Parkman? Was it proved that Prof. Webster, and he alone, murdered Dr. Parkman? And was the murder the result of deliberation and malice aforethought? On each of these questions, the jury voted by holding up their right hands as follows:—

First Question. Has the identity of Dr. Parkman's body been satisfactorily proved? *Yes*—each juror holding up his right hand.

Second Question. Did Prof. John White Webster, and no one else, murder Dr. George Parkman? *Yes*—each juror again holding up his right hand.

Third Question. Was the murder the result of previous preparation, and was it "malice aforethought"? On this interrogatory the jury stood *eleven* to *one*.

After this vote the jury rose from their table—some walked the room, others looked fixedly upon indifferent objects, and all were in tears and a terrible state of anguish. The dissenting juror was allowed to remain unquestioned for some thirty minutes, while he collected his thoughts and cast the evidence over again in his mind. Finally, he called upon his associates to vote again upon the question, when he held up his hand with the other eleven, and then a unanimous verdict was declared. There was very little discussion in the jury room, and the testimony of those witnesses who swore to having seen the deceased after the time that the murder was stated to have been committed, was well and fully considered, but the jury could not bring themselves to a belief that the witnesses could have been correct.

At about a quarter before eleven, it was rumored that the Jury had agreed and were about to report. It is difficult to describe the excitement which followed. The Court room was crowded with spectators, some standing and some setting. All awaited with the most painful interest the entrance of the Jury. In a few moments the prisoner, unmanacled, and in the custody of an officer, came in and took his seat in the dock. His face was pale, but his demeanor steady. Soon after his entrance the Court and Jury came in. They entered almost simultaneously, the Jurors coming in by one door and the Judges by another.

Every eye was now turned upon the Jury, whose countenances betokened the depth and solemnity of their emotions. After a short pause the Clerk of the Court was instructed by Judge Shaw to interrogate the Jury. He proceeded as follows:—

"*Clerk*—Gentlemen of the Jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?

Foreman of the Jury—We have.

Clerk—Who shall speak for you?

The Jury—Our Foreman.

Clerk—John W. Webster, rise and hold up your right hand. Mr. Foreman look at the prisoner—John W. Webster, you look at the Foreman of the Jury. What say you, Mr. Foreman, is the prisoner at the bar, John W. Webster, guilty or not guilty?

Foreman—GUILTY.

Clerk—So you say, Mr. Foreman, so you all say gentlemen of the Jury?

The Jury—We do.

The announcement of this verdict produced a terrible effect upon the prisoner. His arm dropped, his whole frame shook, and he sunk backwards into his chair, as if he had been struck by some unseen power. Our Courts have rarely witnessed anything like that which occurred during this solemn and painful ceremony. We shall not attempt to describe it. It is far easier for the imagination to depict, than for words to portray the appearance of the audience, the Court, and the prisoner, during the rendering of the verdict.

The Chief Justice then addressed a few words to the Jury, and relieved them from further duty for the present. He next directed the Sheriff to remand the prisoner, and adjourned the Court to nine o'clock on the following Monday morning. According to the directions of the Judge, the prisoner was now manacled and re-conveyed, under the custody of an officer, to Leverett street Jail. There he spent the Sabbath. On Monday morning at the appointed hour, the prisoner was again brought before the Court. The Judges and usual officers assembled, and, as on the Saturday evening previous, the hall was filled with a dense crowd. It was an hour of exceeding sadness and solemnity. Many an eye was moistened with tears, and every heart throbbed with emotion. The Attorney General moved the Court that sentence should be pronounced: upon which the Chief Justice rose, and after briefly and solemnly addressing the prisoner, in a voice choked with emotion, pronounced upon him the awful doom, which the law attaches to the appalling crime of murder. God grant that our community may never pass through another such a trial.

Statistics of Ministers and Communicants in New Hampshire. An exchange paper contains the following statistics, with regard to New Hampshire; The Congregationalists are the most numerous in this State.—They have about 20,000 members, and 75 ministers. The Baptists have 10,600 members, and 75 ministers. The Free Will Baptists 10,000 members, and 125 ministers. The Methodists have 9,800 members and more than 100 ministers. The Christians have about 2,000 members and 48 ministers. The Universalists have 19 ministers; the Unitarians 6; the Episcopalians 10; the Presbyterians 7; and there are Societies of Friends in 12 towns. The Exeter News Letter says there is room for all; and reasons numerous indeed why they should cultivate harmony, and dwell in peace."

Webster's Speech. Redding & Co. have recently published an "authorised edition" of Mr. Webster's recent speech on the slavery question, with the following Dedication to the people of Massachusetts.

DEDICATION.

WITH THE HIGHEST RESPECT, AND THE DEEPEST SENSE OF OBLIGATION, I DEDICATE THIS SPEECH TO THE

PEOPLE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

"His ego gratiora dictu alia esse scio; sed me vera pro gratis loqui, etsi meum ingenium non moneret, necessitas cogit. Vellem, equidem, vobis placere; sed multo malo vos salvos esse, qualicumque erga me animo futuri estis." Daniel Webster.

Washington, March 18, 1850.

The Latin may be rendered thus:

I know that other sentiments might be more agreeable to you. But necessity, if not my own inclination, compels me to say what is *true* rather than what is *agreeable*. I should be glad indeed to gain your approbation, but much more to secure your safety, whatever feelings you may entertain towards me for the future.

Address to the Hon. Daniel Webster. A large number of the citizens of Boston and vicinity have issued a brief address to Senator Webster, responding to the views he has expressed on the slavery question in his late speech. They endorse his views and congratulate him upon the stand he has taken. A long list of names, including many of our most worthy and influential citizens, is appended to the address.

Death of the Hon. John. C. Calhoun. This distinguished Southern Statesman died in Washington a few days since. It is supposed that the late exciting debate in Congress, upon the slavery question, in which he took such an active part, hastened his death. He died in the midst of his Senatorial duties.

Massachusetts General Hospital. We understand that Marshall S. Perry, M. D. has been elected one of the visiting physicians of the Massachusetts General Hospital. A better selection could not have been made. He was elected to fill the vacancy, occasioned by the death of the late Dr. John D. Fisher.

Confirmation. The Hon. George P. Marsh of Vermont, has been confirmed by the Senate as Minister Resident at Constantinople.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

Rev. Mr. Livermore of Keene, N. H. The following is from the Keene Sentinel of last week:—"Rev. Mr. Livermore on Sunday last asked a dismission of his Church and Society in this town, of which he has been the pastor for 13 years past. It is proper for us to say that he has been led to this determination exclusively on account of his failing health, which has made it imperative upon him to seek a warmer and more genial climate, in the hope that he may there be able to continue in his profession. He has accepted the call of the Unitarian Society in Cincinnati.

We need hardly say that his loss will be deeply felt by his immediate parishioners, and by a multitude around us who have known and felt the influence of his active exertions in every good work and deed. Mr. L. has before received most urgent and flattering calls to change the sphere of his usefulness, but has always refused them so long as hope remained that he could continue his pastoral relations. Duty now impels him, and his Society must bow in submission to the loss. May we express the hope that his usefulness may long continue to bless those who are so fortunate as to claim him as their friend and guide in every public and Christian duty."

In our account of the Installation at Providence last week, we should have said that the Introductory Prayer and Reading the Scriptures were by Rev. Mr. Brigham of Taunton,—Rev. Mr. Farley of Brooklyn, N. Y., not being able to attend.

Bath, Me. The Unitarians of Bath have just held a Fair to promote the objects of their society, and obtained three hundred and sixty-five dollars.

Bucksport, Me. We are happy to learn that there is now Unitarian preaching in Bucksport.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, March 24, Mr Joachim P. D. Perigny to Miss Christiana R. Warner; also, Mr Joseph Peltier to Miss Julia Lemiez.

March 30, Mr Isaac Adams, Jr., to Miss Lucy A. Brett.

In Roxbury, March 25, Mr H. F. Cragin of Boston, to Miss A. R. D. Blanchard, of R., daughter of Mr Charles Blanchard.

In Milton, March 26, by Rev S. W. Cozzens, Mr C. E. King of Boston, to Miss Margaret F., daughter of O. T. Rogers, Esq

In Salem, March 25, Mr Charles H. Poole of Roxbury, to Miss Mary A. Daniels, of this city.

In Sharon, March 28, by Rev J. L. Stone, Mr Gideon T. Wales of Stoughton, to Miss Sophia A. Smith of Sharon.

In Marlborough, by Rev Mr Alger, Charles M. Buck to Mary Elizabeth Jenkins, both of Southborough.

In East Lexington, March 24, by Rev Mr Coolidge, Mr Philemon Davis to Miss Vesta G. Bridge, all of E. L.

In Augusta, Me., by Rev Sylvester Judd, Mr E. A. Hobart of this city, to Miss Sarah Caroline, daughter of Hon. A. R. Nichols of A.

In Portsmouth, Mr Sylvanus D. Shattuck, to Miss Mary P. Batchelder, both of Danvers.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., March 24, Mr C. A. Wallace, of Beverly, Mass., to Miss Mary Guion, youngest daughter of Samuel Shick, Esq., of B.

In New York, March 19, Mr Wm. A. Wilkinson of Norwich, Vt., to Miss Virginia A. Fullick of Boston.

In Charleston, S. C., March 12, Mr A. G. Butterfield of Boston, to Miss C. C. Thrower, of C.

DEATHS.

In this city, March 27, of consumption, Mrs Sarah S., wife of Mr Richard J. Morrissey, 26.

March 25, Ephraim Milton, 58, after a long and painful sickness.

March 25, Charles Frederick, youngest child of Wm. J. and Maria Louisa Neff, 20 mos 13 days.

March 26, Miss Harriet Scales, formerly of Hanover, N. H., 54.

In Andover, Rev Wm. J. Newman, formerly of Stratham, N. H., and recently of York, Me.

In East Lexington, March 25, Mrs Abigail Robbins, widow of the late Stephen Robbins, 90 yrs 10 mos.

In Milford, March 27, Col. S. Davis Leavens of Boston, 50.

In Ipswich, March 27, Joseph L. Ross, 84.

In Spencer, Mr Elijah Hearsay, 100 yrs 23 days, a revolutionary soldier.

In Hadley, March 22, widow Eunice Morton, 90.

In Hartford, Ct., March 23, Sarah Jane Mott, wife of Rev William W. Patton, late Pastor of the Phillips Church, South Boston.

In Brantford, Canada West, March 3, Peter Brant John, Principal Chief of the Mohawk nation of Indians, 24 years 10 months.

☞ The Treasurer of the Society in aid of Aged and Indigent Ministers, would acknowledge the receipt of the following contributions to its Funds.

Mt. Pleasant Society, by Rev. Mr. Alger,	$46 50
Rev. William Morse, Tyngsboro,	8 35
E. T. Andrews,	100 00
Saco, by D. Furnald,	4 00
Rev. C. Thayer,	10 00
A Friend, to make Rev. E. M. Stone, Providence, Life Member,	10 00
Benjamin Loring,	120 00
Thos. B. Wales,	100 00
A Friend,	10 00
Rev. Mr. Coolidge's Society,	100 00
Miss L. Osgood,	10 00
Miss S. Osgood,	10 00
D. Greenleaf, Esq.,	10 00
Josiah Bradlee,	200 00
Rev. James Walker,	20 00
Abiel Abbot, DD., Peterboro',	10 00

apris E. PEABODY, Treasurer.

☞ Sunday Evening Lectures. The Twelfth Lecture of this course, will be delivered in Bedford Street Church, to-morrow evening, at 7 o'clock.

Subject.—Society—its Constitution, its Influence, its Claims. apris6

☞ The Cambridge Ministerial Association will meet in Somerville, at the House of Rev. A. R. Pope, on Tuesday, April 16th, at 2, P. M.

apris6 WM. NEWELL, Scribe.

☞ The Brethren will notice the change of time to the 16th.

☞ The Worcester Association will hold its first meeting of this season, at the residence of Rev. Mr. Bartol, in Lancaster, on the afternoon of Tuesday, April 16, at five o'clock.

apris6 T. PRENTISS ALLEN, Scribe.

☞ The Boston Association of Congregational Ministers will meet on Monday next, at the house of Rev. T. S. King, Dover street.

apris6 S. B. CRUFT, Scribe.

☞ The Union Conference Meeting will be held at the Pi st street Chapel on Wednesday evening, the 10th inst., at 7½ o'clock. All interested are invited to attend.

apris6

PINKERTON ACADEMY,
DERRY, N. H.

The course of instruction and discipline in this Institution, as conducted the last two years under the present Principal, Rev. E. T. Rowe, has been such as to give the Trustees the highest confidence in commending it to all who desire a thorough and systematic Education. It is the purpose of the Trustees to afford facilities for an Education inferior to those of no similar Institution. There will be such a division of studies between the Principal and his Associate, as to afford the fullest opportunity to illustrate the subjects of the respective recitations.

The Institution has lately been furnished with a good Chemical and Philosophical Apparatus. Lectures illustrating the Natural Sciences will be given weekly.

The pupils will be, at all times, subject to the supervision and control of the Principal, and no one of vicious habits or principles, or who does not readily comply with its established regulations will be retained in the Institution.

Students can be accommodated with board in good families, where they will be under paternal watchfulness and wholesome restraint. The Depot of the Manchester and Lawrence Railroad is within about half a mile of the Institution, affording easy communication with the city.

There are three terms in the year of 14 weeks each. The next term will commence on Wednesday, April 16th. There will be three vacations, two of three weeks each, and one of four weeks after the close of the Summer Term. Tuition, $4 00 per Term. Board, including Washing, $1 50 to $1 75, per week.

JOHN PORTER, } Executive
JAMES THOM, } Committee.
P. B. DAY, }

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All orders, addressed to the undersigned, will meet with prompt attention.

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Contents.

1. Agrippa D'Aubigne and Mad. de Maintenon—Blackwood's Magazine.
2. The Cashiered—Umtel Service Magazine.
3. Linne, the Wood-land Flower—Fraser's Magazine.
4. Fettered Free Trade—Paper—Spectator.
5. Carlyle's Present Time— "
6. Local Self-Government— "
7. Gotha Almanac—Chambers' Journal.
8. What's in the Wind?—Dublin University Magazine.
9. Edgar A. Poe—N. Y. Tribune.
10. Letters of Dr. Franklin—Boston Post.
11. Traitors among Us—National Intelligencer—
12. Mrs. Houston's Hesperos—Spectator.
13. The Balance of Life—Chambers' Journal.
14. Chateau Life in England— " "

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PRIVATE SCHOOL.

The Subscriber will commence on Monday, April 1st, a private School for Boys 12 years of age and upwards, at his room, basement of Chauncy Place Church. His number will be limited to twelve, and he will receive only such Boys as either do not intend to go to College, or do not care to enter before the age of fifteen or sixteen. He will continue to take older private pupils of either sex, and to prepare young men for advanced standing in College.

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Apothecary. Smith & Melvin, 225 Washington street, under Amory Hall, continue to give particular attention to the *prescripts* of Physicians and the medical requisitions of families. Confining themselves as they do principally to the legitimate business of the apothecary or scientific and practical Pharmacy, and having unusual facilities for importing and selecting their medicines, customers may be assured of the purity and genuineness of every article dispensed at their establishment. june23

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Teachers' Institute.

Arrangements have been made for holding a Teachers' Institute in the Town of Framingham, in the County of Middlesex, to commence on Monday, the 15th of April, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and to continue until the afternoon of Saturday, of the same week.

The following Regulations are to be observed.

1. All applicants must present themselves punctually at the time specified for the meeting.

2. The Institute is designed for those who are teachers in Public Schools in Massachusetts, or who have a reasonable prospect of becoming such within a year from the time when such Institute shall be held.

3. Each applicant must come provided with a Bible, Pen, Ink, and Paper, a Slate and Pencil, Geography and Atlas, the Reading Book most generally used by the highest class in the Schools of the neighborhood where he resides, (and it would be well to bring more than one kind,) Dictionary, and a blank book for taking notes.

The expense of Instruction, Lectures, Room, Lights, &c., is defrayed by the Commonwealth, and the supervision and government of the Institute, are placed by the Board of Education in the hands of its Secretary.

School Committees, and all the friends of Common Schools, are respectfully and earnestly requested to render such aid as may seem to them proper and just, to facilitate the attendance of the members of the Institute.

Teachers, by applying to John J. Marshall—at Marshall & Boynton's Bookstore—will be directed to families where they will be gratuitously entertained.

BARNAS SEARS,
march30 3tis Secretary of the Board of Education.

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Salem Street Church, Boston, Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, with 40 stops.
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Congregational Church, Bath, Rev. Ray Palmer, with 28 stops.
Congregational Church in St. Johnsbury, Vt., with 27 stops.
Unitarian Church, Salem, Mass., Rev. Mr. Frothingham, with 28 stops.
Unitarian Church, Brookline, Mass., Rev. Mr. Knapp, with 34 stops.
Baptist Church, Cleaveland, Ohio, with 28 stops.
St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, Rev. Mr. Newton, with 49 stops.
Second Baptist Church, St. Louis, Missouri, with 34 stops.
Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. H. W. Beecher, with 46 stops.

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STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
AT WEST NEWTON.

The Summer Term at this Institution will commence on Wednesday, 1st May. Candidates for admission will be examined on Tuesday, 30th April, at 8½ o'clock, A. M. None will be examined except those who present themselves at the time specified.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRANCE.

1. The applicant must be at least sixteen years old.
2. She must make an *explicit declaration of her intention to become a Teacher*.
3. She must produce a certificate of good *physical, intellectual* and *moral character*, from some responsible person.
4. She must pass a satisfactory examination in the common branches, viz.—Reading, spelling, and defining, arithmetic, grammar, writing and geography.
5. She must give a pledge to remain in the school at least *four consecutive terms*.
6. All candidates for admission must be at the schoolroom on the morning of the day which precedes that on which the term commences, at half past eight o'clock.
7. Each pupil, at entrance, must be supplied with slate and pencil, blank book, Bible, Worcester's Comprehensive Dictionary, and Morse's Geography. Many of the other books used will be furnished from the Library of the School.

Pupils who have had considerable experience in teaching, and are otherwise qualified for it, will be allowed to enter existing classes.

Pupils who may desire to study the Latin and French languages, and to prepare themselves to instruct in those branches usually taught in High Schools, can have an opportunity to do so, by giving a pledge to remain in the School for a term of three years—provided the number is sufficient to warrant the forming of a class.

For those who reside in the State, and purpose to teach in the public schools of the State, tuition is free; for all others, it is $10 per term, payable at entrance. At the beginning of each term, each pupil pays to the Principal $1.50 to meet incidental expenses.

Board may be had in good families for from $2 to $2.50, per week, including washing and fuel. Some of the pupils take rooms and board themselves at a lower rate.

The whole annual expense is about $100.

TERMS AND VACATIONS.

There are three terms in the year. The winter term commences on the 2d Wednesday in December, and continues 15 weeks. The summer term commences on the 2d Wednesday in April, and continues 15 weeks. The autumn term commences on the 1st Wednesday in September, and continues 12 weeks. Between the summer and autumn terms, there is a vacation of 6 weeks; between the other terms a vacat on of 2 weeks. No session is held on the week of the anniversaries in Boston.

Pupils are not permitted to board at such a distance from the institution, as to render it impracticable for them to be present during all regular exercises

EBEN S. STEARNS, Principal.
West Newton, 14th March, 1850. 3tis march23

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POETRY.

[For the Register.]

ON THE SUDDEN SNOW.

How beautiful the sight,
This robe of spotless white
O'er nature flung;
On every bush and tree
Its pearly folds we see,
In beauty hung.

To bless this sacred day,
And clothe in fit array,
It fell from heaven;
To make men think of God,
And his own blest abode,
The sight was given.

God doth in Nature show
His love, e'en here below,
Each passing hour;
And with his children plead,
Oh may we ever heed,
And feel its power.

Soon will He change the scene,
And with a sudden green
The earth surprise;
Earth too his dwelling is,
All that we see is his,
The Good and Wise.

J. V.

March 24.

[For the Christian Register.]

APRIL.

Now April comes again with mingled sun and showers,
And wakes to light and life the sleeping flowers;
The rain is falling with a soft and pleasant sound
Upon the budding trees and teeming ground,
And every where the creeping grass is seen,
Flinging o'er earth her robe of vernal green.

Nature springs forth to meet thee, April—but no more
May I thy coming greet, with half the joy of yore;
For with thy presence, evermore are sadly blent
Fond memories of a cherished one, who went
In all the glory of his fresh unsullied youth
And bore to Heaven, his heart of stainless truth.

It was the sunset of an April day—so calm, so bright,
That earth seemed bathing in the flood of living light;
O'er 'twas an hour for hope and joy, but o'er his brow so fair
The shadows fell, and death damps gathered midst his hair,
Yet at the sudden gush he raised his dying head,
And with a smile of love, and peace ineffable, he said,

"I shall not see another morning dawn, but do not weep,
For I am weary, and I long to sink in dreamless sleep,
Nor deem we now are severed, oh, my sister dear,
For though you see no more this form, I shall be near
To watch your path with more than brother's love,
And hail the hour when you shall come to me above."

The sun went slowly down, behind the western hills,
No sound was heard without save the low murmuring rills;
Within was chastened grief, and oft the fervent prayer
Went forth from stricken hearts upon the cool night air;
And, ere the morning sun spread beauty o'er the earth,
A heavenly spirit had its heavenly birth.

Northampton, N. Y. M. A. F.

[For the Register.]

BEREAVEMENT.

Who has not been bereaved,
Who has not lost a friend,
The mortal blight on human flowers—
The dew's dank death descend?

Who has not sorrow-wept,
Who has not writhed in pain,
The anguish of a spirit crushed
As ne'er to rise again?

Yet in the darkest hour,
Yet in o'erwhelming grief,
Who has not heard Hope's gentle voice
Winning a kind relief?

Who has not seen the tear,
Exhaled by Mercy's smile,
While Love upraised the drooping heart,
On Faith's pure breast the while?

Who has not felt within,
The light can never die?
Earth's darkest hour can never shade
Man's immortality.

C. L. P.

Hingham, March 1850.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GENEROUS PLANTER.

The incident which is embodied in this true story occurred in Cincinnati some years since, and was then published, but so long a time has passed that few will remember it. I am very sure none of my young readers will.

There is in Cincinnati a large class of freed colored persons who, having been emancipated in the South and Southwest, have come up there to settle, and very many of them with the sole object in view of making enough money by their labor to redeem some near relation from bondage. We have known of remarkable instances of self-denial and patient labor that have finally been crowned with success, but we cannot recall one of which we have heard, that is so full of romantic interest as the one we are about relate. Amongst the freed colored persons who were laboring to purchase the freedom of their enslaved friends, there was none so untiring in efforts as Susan Wilson, the heroine of this little story. She was up early and late; and although her occupation was a very laborious one and not very profitable, yet by unceasing toil and the most rigid self-denial, she managed to lay by a considerable sum of money towards the purchase of her husband, who was still in slavery. Susan had been set free by will at the death of her mistress, whose favorite personal attendant she had been. The lady had owned but few slaves, and they were all in her own employ, so that they had always been comparatively comfortable. She had left Susan with her children free, but without making any provision for their support—thus showing that she thought the boon of freedom, even in a state of destitution, a sufficient restitution for years of unpaid labor which she had exacted from her slaves. Whatever Susan thought of the justice of her mistress, she was not slow to avail herself of her freedom; and after long and anxious consultation with her husband, it was agreed that she should make her way to a free State with her three small children, and by her labor endeavor to get money enough to buy him.

Ben, her husband, was an excellent carpenter, and lived with his master, very near Susan's mistress. He was an intelligent slave, and had always cherished the hope that he should one day be free. There did not seem a very bright prospect of this, when he saw his poor wife with her three little children set out upon their journey to a land of freedom. His heart almost failed him, but still he said to himself, "They must go. If they cannot do anything for me, they will do far better for themselves in a free State than they can possibly here, where they will not be thought even as good as slaves. And so they parted. She came to Cincinnati, and had been there about two years, laboring as a washerwoman, when my story commences. Her oldest child, Harry, was a fine stout boy of eleven years; Susan, the next, was a delicate, sickly child of nine; and the youngest was a little boy of five. They were none of them old enough to be of much assistance to their mother; yet so great was their interest in the object for which she was laboring, that all were willing and anxious to contribute something toward their father's freedom. Harry could do most. He was, in fact, very useful—bringing and carrying the clothes, fetching water, making fires, and every thing of the kind that he could do. Then there was a large boarding-house in the neighborhood where Susan not only got washing from the boarders, but almost enough broken victuals for the support of her family—thus saving both money and time.

So great were her exertions, that a number of charitable ladies kindly undertook, not only to supply the children with clothes, but made them up for them. Thus the poor woman's earnings were almost all hoarded up for the purchase of her husband.

The children too were as self-denying as their mother. If any kind lady or gentleman gave them a small piece of money for a little service, instead of buying candy and cakes, as most children do, it was brought home and put in a mug where their earnings were kept. Harry, during the season of blackberries, was able to earn a good deal of money. His berries were always fresh and nice-looking, and he had as many customers as he could supply. It would be impossible to tell all the little acts of self-denial by which these poor children strove to aid in the purchase of their father. To show how they all felt about it, we must relate one little incident.

One day, a lady, who was pleased with the frank, good-natured face of Ned, the youngest boy, called him in and gave him half an orange. This was so nice that it created a desire for more. A few days afterwards he had a small piece of money given him, and instead of taking it home to put in the mug, he bought two oranges with it. He no sooner had them in his possession, than he began to feel he had done something that his mother and brother and sister would not think very well of. So, instead of running home delighted to show them, he came in softly, and going straight up to his mother, said, "Good gentleman give me money; I give it to man in shop; he give me two orange." His mother looked sorrowfully at him, and told him she was sorry he had forgotten his poor father was a slave. And the other children said, "Oh! shame, Ned! to buy oranges with the money for daddy's freedom!" They would not touch a bit of them; and poor little Ned, with tears in his eyes, sat down in the corner and ate up the oranges by himself, and he was very glad when the last mouthful was gone. He said to his mother that he would never buy any more oranges, but bring the money home for his father.

One day, Harry had been gone to the boarding-house longer than usual for the fragments for their dinner. Presently they saw him coming with a large bundle of clothes, as many as he could carry; and he came panting in, full of some important information.

"Oh, mother!" he cried, "there are so many strangers at Mrs. G.'s, and you 'll get all the washing for them, for a good gentleman who sent you these says he will ask them. And he was so kind to me, and I told him all about how you were working for father's freedom, and put all your money in a box, and how we put all we could save in a little mug; and he gave me a whole quarter to put in, and he is comming here, and I am going to show him it 's the largest piece we have got yet."

Thus he ran on to his mother, full of his good news, and none of them observed that a gentleman had followed him home, and was now standing near the door, in a very thoughtful mood.

Susan was the first to observe him, and how her heart sunk within her when she discovered the well-known face of her husband's master! He did not know her, and was surprised at her agitation. She sank down on the floor, and was not able to speak. She had not heard one word from her husband since she hac left him; and in those two years what might not have happened! The cholera had been very fatal in the South, and he might be dead!

"Ah, master!" at last she cried, "my poor husband, Ben, is he alive!"

"Ben! what Ben! I don't know who your husband is."

"Oh, master! Ben Wilson, your carpenter."

The gentleman was very much agitated, for he had not expected to find his carpenter's wife and children here. But he hastened to relieve the poor woman's anxiety.

"What!" said he, "is my carpenter, Ben, your husband! Oh, yes; he's alive and well and as honest and faithful a fellow as he ever was."

"Thank God!" said the poor woman; "if he's alive I know he's good."

The slaveholder sat down on the only chair the house afforded, and the poor creatures crowded about him, beseeching him in the most piteous manner to sell the husband and father to them.

"Oh! master, see," said Susan, "I have got almost all the money:" and bringing her box of hoarded savings, she put it down at his feet.

"See!" cried the children, "here is all ours too!" and in his haste little Ned upset the mug, and all the pennies and half-dimes rolled over the floor in every direction.

"Oh, master!" cried the poor wife, "won't you be willing to sell Ben! I know I've not got enough yet; for," she added, proudly, "I know Ben is worth a good price."

"Isn't there *almost* enough!" said little Susan.

"Do please let daddy be free!" said little Ned.

The planter was speechless. He was deeply touched by the scene before him. He had a heart, and it was touched. He had always believed that when slaves were freed they became lazy and improvident, living by begging and stealth; but here he saw the most untiring industry and rigid economy in a poor woman and three little children, whom he would have supposed scarcely able by all their labor to support themselves, saving a sum of money that seemed almost incredible. We know just how much he was surprised; for we have seen in all its force this fixed belief of slaveholders, that free colored people are not able to take care of themselves. He sat, looking pale and sad.

"Is master sick?" said Susan.

"Yes, good woman," said he, "sick of myself, sick of slavery, sick of everything."

Poor Susan was bewildered; but the planter, with great effort, calmly added:

"Susan, your husband has been worth more to me than all the money in that box. I have no right to any of it; keep it for yourselves. Your husband is free from this moment. May you be as happy as you deserve to be."

He then darted out of the house.

Oh, how happy was that mother and children. The mother fervently thanked God for his goodness, and the children danced over the floor, knocking over the poor dinner which was set out on the wash-bench into the tub of suds. Harry looked a little sober at this catastrophe; but he quickly remembered the change, and cried, "Never mind; now we can buy some dinner, can't we mother!"

When their joy had somewhat subsided, they had a nice, comfortable dinner, and there was an orange purchased for the poor, sick, little Susan.

But let us leave this happy family, and follow our planter. Having seen his injustice to one of his slaves, he was not long in perceiving that he had been unjust to all. He had inherited his slaves from his father, who was a simple-minded, good-natured man, and he had never heard a word of the wrongs of slavery. Even when he went to the North, to one of the universities, to be educated, he did not hear whispered a word of disapprobation. But he married at the North, and his wife could never be brought to like slavery. Her uneasiness first awakened in him a suspicion that all was not right. He encouraged her in her efforts to enlighten their slaves, and render their condition more tolerable. He was not very far from a right state of mind when he came to Cincinnati, and it only needed the unexpected meeting with the wife and children of his most valued slave, whose labor had already paid his master his market value twenty times over—working as slaves never work, and denying themselves every comfort of life, that they might purchase his freedom.

It was enough. He was convicted, and at once decided upon his future course. He immediately returned home, and as soon as he reached his plantation he declared to all his slaves that they were free. They gave the best evidence that he had been a good master to them by many of them remaining on his place as free laborers, and his rich reward was in witnessing their happiness and contentment.

Among the most joyous was Ben, who soon set out to join his family; and we leave our readers to imagine their meeting, and the comfort they enjoyed as the reward of their labor and self-denial. [Friend of Youth.

LUNAR DAGUERREOTYPE.

"At a meeting of the Cambridge Scientific Association, December, 1849, five Daguerreotype pictures of the moon's surface were exhibited to the Society by Mr. Wells. These pictures were taken by Mr. S. D. Humphrey, of Canandaigua, N. Y., with a half-size American camera, on a medium plate. The first picture was obtained by an exposure of two minutes, the camera remaining permanent. During this short interval, the earth had moved forward so rapidly, that the figure of the satellite was elongated to form an oval, or egg-shape picture. The same peculiarity was also noticed in the pictures obtained by an exposure for one minute, and also for thirty seconds, though in a less degree. In these pictures, the configurations upon the moon's surface were not delineated, but in the fourth picture, obtained by an exposure of three seconds, the representation was strikingly clear and distinct. The figure was round, and the representation of the surface so perfect, that its appearance, when examined under the microscope, somewhat resembled the full moon seen through a telescope. The fifth picture was obtained by an exposure of only half a second, and was little more than a shadow. The powerful agency and presence of the chemical principle was sufficiently indicated by it. These several pictures were all taken upon one occasion, on the night of the 1st of September, a few hours before full moon. They conclusively show that lunar light possesses the chemical principle, or force, in a high degree, and it is to this source that we may reasonably attribute its supposed action in producing phosphorescence and other changes in animal or vegetable substances."

A very ingenious method of determining the velocity of light, by actual experiment, has been contrived by a French philosopher, M. Fizeau. His plan may be novel to some of our readers, and we shall endeavor to give an idea of it. Two telescopes are placed at the distance of five miles, but so that the image of the object glass of each is formed in the focus of the other. A glass at an angle of 45° in the first telescope sends the light of the sun, or that of a lamp admitted through the side of the telescope, towards the second, where it is reflected back from a mirror placed in the focus, to be viewed at the first telescope. A disk with 720 teeth was placed in front of the first telescope, so as to close and admit the passage of the light alternately. This disk is moved by clockwork. It is evident, that, when the ray escaping by the aperture returns after reflection to find a tooth in front of the object glass, no light will be seen. Mr. F. says, "Under the circumstances in which I made the experiment, the first eclipse took place when the disk was revolving at the rate of about twelve revolutions and six tenths per second. With a double velocity, the point again shone out, was eclipsed with a triple rapidity, reappeared with a quadruple one, and so on." The result of these experiments agrees remarkably with the velocity assigned by astronomical observation, being about 198,000 miles per second.

[Annual of Scientific Discovery.

FOR CHILDREN.

JOSEPH II.

Among the pleasant anecdotes related of Joseph II., of Austria, we find the following:—He was one day walking alone in the streets of Vienna, dressed as a private individual, when he met a young girl weeping, and carrying a bundle under her arm.

"What is the matter with you?" said he kindly. "Where are you going? What are you carrying? Cannot I calm your grief?"

"I am carrying the clothes of my unfortunate mother," replied she to the Prince, who was unknown to her; "and I am going to sell them. It is our last resource," said she, in a broken voice. "Ah! if my father, who shed his blood so often for the country, still lived, or if he had obtained the recompense due to his services, you would not see me in this state."

"If the Emperor," said the monarch much affected, "had known your distresses, he would have relieved them. You ought to present him a petition, or employ some one to relate your misfortunes to him."

"I have done so," replied she, "but it was in vain; the nobleman to whom I addressed myself, told me that he had never been able to obtain any thing."

"The truth has been disguised to you:" answered the Prince, trying to hide the emotion that such an avowal cost him; "I can assure you that nothing has been said to him about your situation; and he loves too well the principles of justice to suffer the widow and daughter of an officer to perish, who has served him well. Make a petition, carry it to him to-morrow, at the palace, in such a place, at such an hour; it what you say is true, I will speak of you to the Emperor, and you will obtain justice."

The young girl, drying her tears, thanked again and again the unknown, when he added: "But you must not sell your mother's clothes. How much did you expect to receive for them?"

"Six ducats," said she.

"Permit me to lend you twelve, until we shall have seen the success of our plan."

At these words, the girl flew to her house, gave her mother the twelve ducats with the clothes, and imparted to her the hopes which the unknown nobleman had given her. She described him, and the persons who listened to her, recognized the Emperor in all she said of him. In despair at having spoken so openly, she could not resolve to go the next day to the palace. Her relations compelled her, however. She arrived, trembling, saw her sovereign in her benefactor, and fainted away.

Meanwhile the Prince, who had asked in the evening her father's name, and that of the regiment in which he had served, had gained some information, and had found out that all she said was true. When she recovered her senses, the Emperor led her into the cabinet with her relations, and said in the most obliging manner to her—

"Here is for your mother the certificate of a pension, equal to the appointment your father had, half of which will be continued to you, it you should have the misfortune to lose her. I am sorry not to have learned your situation sooner; I should have relieved you immediately."

After this event, the Prince appointed a certain day in the week, on which all classes of his subjects could have access to him. [Merry's Museum

Childhood's Thoughts, or the Primroses.

"Of all the flowers that stud the meads like stars, or scatter sweet perfume upon the air, there is not one that children love better than the pale yellow Primrose.

"The Cuckoo, who is very fond of questioning the flowers, one evening asked the Primrose why her stalk was so soft and supple that the wind could blow her about just wherever he chose.

"'Do you not know,' said the Primrose, 'that my stalk is made thus fragile and pliant in order that the tender hands of little children may without hurt or stain gather me to themselves?'

"'Ah! indeed,' replied the Cuckoo, 'I was not aware of that. I have been absent from these banks ever since August, last year,—so that I have almost forgotten the nature of you way-side creatures that grow up beneath the Spring sun. Since such is the case, and you really wished to be culled, I am sorry I called away those children down yonder by the brook. The moment I cried "Cuckoo!" on the opposite bank, away they started; and as they were off before they found out your hiding-place, I suppose they will not care to return by this bank.'

"'Oh, yes, they will,' said the gentle Flower, 'for their home lies this way. But I know now that I must rest content upon my stalk for a few hours longer, until the next rise of sun. It is late, and they will be too tired to gather me today. If you will listen patiently for awhile, and call no strange foot hither to disturb us, I will tell you the history of every Primrose that blows. Know, then, O welcome Bird of the opening year! that we are *Childhood's Thoughts*. You may perhaps have noticed that children cannot grasp many of us at one time, by reason that their hands are so small. Yet, how sharp is their sight to discern us,—how quick are their movements to reach the hedge-row where we nestle,—and then, how readily they seize us! In their happy wanderings here among the woodlands, every new thought is a new pleasure. They grasp us one by one, till they can retain no more. Those children whom you saw just now will return presently. Then, mark them well. It will be near their sleeping hour; and with weary limbs they will come homeward, waking soft echoes all round with the music of their pattering feet.

"'And see,—here they come already!' added the Primrose. 'My sister-flowers are still in their little hands:—but how feebly they grasp them! And now, see,—from their small fingers the flower-stars drop one by one, and lie pale upon the sward where their footsteps have passed fading from them as their young eyes half close at the touch of the coming Sleep!—Fly onward, kind Cuckoo! and encourage their flagging feet homeward with your cheering note, lest they should slumber by the way.'

"The Bird obeyed the gentle Flower; and soon you might hear him calling 'Cuckoo! cuckoo!' till his slender throat was hoarse.

"As soon as the early sun was up and away upon his journey towards the west, two children, a brother and a sister, sought, hand in hand, the Primrose bank. They were young and tender creatures,—and their names were Tiny and Wee-thing: Tiny was the brother, and Wee-thing was the sister.

"At the moment that Tiny turned his eager eyes towards the tufts of Primroses, a flower-thought was just in the act of springing up.

"'Oh! sister Wee-thing,' he cried, as he dropped it from its stem, 'I know what I will do. I will pluck a great, great many of these Primrose buds, and I will make you a crown for May-day when it comes.'

"Tiny's thought was but a half-formed thought; not a full-blown flower, but only an opening bud. His sister Wee-thing grasped by its stem a well-formed and perfect flower, and at once replied to him this:—'Dear brother Tiny, you are very kind: but the buds that bloom today will fade long before May day. Let us, instead, bear them home to our Mother, who is so sick; and let us sit side by side at her bed-foot, and make her a flower-chain which shall link us all three together.'

"'Oh! yes, yes, yes! that will do!' exclaimed Tiny, in answer, as he capered about and clapped his little hands with delight.

"When the two children had collected enough, they once more linked hands, and went straight home: not loitering by the way, as children sometimes do,—but, content with what they had gathered, they hastened thoughtfully onward to their Mother, who lay ill in her bed. All their thoughts were about her,—and so nothing stopped them by the way.

"You should have seen them, how softly they stole into the room, and how quietly they sat by her bed while she slept, though the broad sun was now shining high in the heavens, and other children were tempted out to enjoy the sweets of the Spring-time. You should have watched them weaving, and weaving, and weaving, flower after flower, and bud after bud, till at last all was made into one long chain of pale yellow gold!

"When the last flower-thought was added to the link, the two children joined the ends together, making it into one perfect chain-wreath. They then passed it softly round their Mother's neck. As they did so, the light links touched—just touched her cheek,—and she awoke.

"How sorry they were to wake her,—and yet how glad they felt to see her open her eyes!

"As the Mother saw and felt how closely her children's thought were twined about her, she grew strong enough to rise. She laid her hands fondly upon their little heads, and she kissed their lips over and over again.

"Tiny and Wee-thing were astonished and overjoyed to see what a bright warm flush of health was now returning to their beloved Mother's cheek.

"When they asked her, as they both did with one voice, how it was that she grew so quickly well, she answered:—I was indeed faint and weary, but the thoughts of my children are a chain that binds me to life."

[Mrs. T. K. Hervey.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

"The way of transgressors is hard."

Boys! I want to tell you a true story. I went to the Jail the other day to visit a young man only twenty-four years of age, yet he has been sentenced to the N. Y. State Prison twice. The first time for three years, and the second for ten years. Before three years of the last sentence had expired, he made his escape by sawing off an iron bar, but in a few months he was caught, and lodged in the Jail where I saw him.

He was very pale, and he will soon die, as he is in a consumption. I asked him of his early life, and what did he tell me? That his father died when he was only eight years old, and he soon began to be *disobedient* to his mother, and to care for nothing she said to him. He kept company with bad boys, and soon commenced stealing;—little articles at first, such as apples, peaches, &c., and then as he grew older, he broke into houses and stores with others at midnight, and became a thief and robber.

Seeing a Bible resting between the iron bars of his window, I said to him, "You have found God's holy word to be true, that 'The way of transgressors is hard!'"

"Yes, Sir," he replied, "I have just been reading it in the Bible." I asked if he had been to meeting often during the past eight or ten years?

"No, Sir," said he, "*I was afraid of God.*" I inquired if his bad associates endeavored to put God out of their minds.

"Yes, Sir," he replied, "and I have tried to do it too, but it *would* come back again to my mind." He seemed quite penitent, and as we knelt in that stone cell, and I raised my voice in prayer for him, he was so much affected that he wept like a child.

His earnest wish was to return once more to his mother, and to die in his childhood's home. His life was fast ebbing away, and he needed friends to take care of him. But this wish was denied him. An officer was sent for him, and irons were put around his thin wrists, and sick and dying as he was, he was hurried back to his former cell in the State Prison, nearly three hundred miles off. And there, he will die.

Boys! Always mind your mothers! Always read the Bible and *remember* what you read. Avoid the company of *bad boys*, whether at home or at school. Always remember those four short words in the Bible, "Thou, God, seest me." Had that young man remembered them, and also that verse, "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not," he would now probably have been a good and happy man. J. B.

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